



No. XXXIII]

Contents

[JULY 1885

White Heather: a Novel. Chaps. XXV.—XXVIII. PAGE
225

By WILLIAM BLACK

The First Potter 262

By GRANT ALLEN

Love and Learning 270

By W. J. HENDERSON

The Peasantry of South Wales 286

By B. G. EVANS

Ambition 303

By EDGAR FAWCETT

Wild Flowers 304

By RICHARD JEFFERIES

Prince Otto: a Romance. Book II. Chaps. VII.—IX. 316

By R. L. STEVENSON

London: LONGMANS, GREEN, & CO., 39 Paternoster Row



'This not thy Home.'—*Chaucer.*
 'Life is the Problem; death the Solution.'—*Victor Hugo.*

THE DISCORDANCES OF THIS LIFE.



When one by one our ties are torn,
 And friend from friend is snatched forlorn;
 When man is left alone to mourn—
 'Tis Nature's kindest boon to die.

LONGEVITY,

Or a life complete in all its stages, is, on the whole, desirable, but extremely rare. But a wise observance of the simple laws of Nature will redeem the observers from the hell of many ailments to the paradise of a pleasurable existence, and conduct them through life silently, gently, and serenely to its far off termination.

Is this Death? Dreaded thing,
 How beautiful thou art!

I have a Green Old Age— I use ENO'S FRUIT SALT.

An unsolicited Testimonial from a gentleman, an F.S.A., who is now above eighty years of age, writes: 'I have for a long time used "ENO'S FRUIT SALT"; I have found it an effective yet gentle aperient, very beneficial to persons of sedentary habits, especially such as exercise not the limbs but the brain, and frequently require to assist nature without hazardous force. It acts, according to the quantity taken, either as a relieving medicine, or as a cooling and refreshing drink; and I am convinced that it does not weaken when it stimulates.'

PHYSICAL AND MENTAL TOIL.—

'I am working from between six and seven in the morning until ten and eleven, and very often twelve, o'clock at night the year round, and on a Sunday morning I wake up as usual a little after six o'clock, but I am glad that it is a day of rest. My head feels large and heavy. I take two teaspoonfuls of your Fruit Salt about half an hour before breakfast, and after breakfast it has removed the load from my head, and I feel "like a giant refreshed with wine." For some years I have received much benefit from your Fruit Salt. I have recommended it to many.—Yours &c., A SON OF TOIL.—March 1885. Mr. J. C. Eno.'

HEADACHE AND DISORDERED STOMACH.—

'After suffering for nearly two and a half years from severe headache and disordered stomach and after trying almost everything and spending much money without finding any benefit, I was recommended by a friend to try your FRUIT SALT, and before I had finished one bottle I found it doing me a great deal of good, and now I am restored to my usual health; and others I know that have tried it have not enjoyed such good health for years.—Yours most truly, ROBERT HUMPHREYS, Post Office, Barrasford.'

SUDDEN EMERGENCY.—Feverish cold with high temperature and quick pulse. You can control the trickling stream but not the raging torrent.

IMPORTANT TO TRAVELLERS AND ALL LEAVING HOME FOR A CHANGE.—We have for the last four years used your FRUIT SALT during several important Survey Expeditions in the Malay Peninsula, Siam, and Cambodia, and have undoubtedly derived very great benefit from it. In one instance only was one of our party attacked with Fever during that period, and that happened after our supply of FRUIT SALT had run out. When making long marches under the powerful rays of a vertical sun, or travelling through swampy districts, we have used the FRUIT SALT two and three times a day. The FRUIT SALT acts as a gentle aperient, keeps the blood cool and healthy, and wards off fever. We have pleasure in voluntary testifying to the value of your preparation, and our firm belief in its efficacy. We never go into the jungle without it, and have also recommended it to others.—Yours truly, Commander A. J. LOTTES, His Siamese Majesty's Hydrographer; E. C. DAVIDSON, Superintendent Siamese Government Telegraphs, Bangkok, Siam, May 1885.—J. C. Eno, Esq., London.

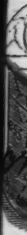
THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.—A new invention is brought before the public and commands success. A score of abominable imitations are immediately introduced by the unscrupulous, who, in copying the original closely enough to deceive the public, and yet not so exactly as to infringe upon legal rights, exercise an ingenuity that, employed in an original channel, could not fail to secure reputation and profit.—ADAMS.

CAUTION.—Examine each Bottle, and see that the Capsule is marked 'ENO'S FRUIT SALT.' Without it, you have been imposed on by a worthless imitation. Sold by all Chemists. Directions in Sixteen Languages How to Prevent Disease. Protection in every Country.

Prepared only at Eno's Fruit Salt Works, Hatcham, London, S.E., by J. C. Eno's Patent.

LL

VE



M

Is the
off :
hair t
seurf
ingrec
hair
mo.in
luxur
PROG
beaut
shoule
a bot
Lond



WHITE SOUND TEETH, FRAGRANT BREATH, HEALTHY GUMS TO OLD AGE.



Pots, 1s. 6d. & 2s. 6d. All Chemists.
SIXTY YEARS IN USE. CLIMATE PROOF.

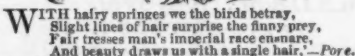


PORCELAIN and GLASS SERVICES

WEDGWOOD, SPODE, WORCESTER, AND DERBY
MODELS OF THE 18th CENTURY.

OXFORD STREET & ORCHARD STREET, LONDON, W.

is the best known stimulant for the hair; prevents it falling off; creates growth in bald places; restores grey and white hair to its original color; cleanses the hair and removes dandruff; has no unpleasant effects, and is free from all injurious ingredients. It produces a luxuriant growth, rendering the hair soft, glossy and wavy, and many ladies and gentlemen moving in the upper circles of society owe the beauty and luxuriance of their hair to MRS. LANGTRY'S HAIR PRODUCER. It may be applied with advantage to the most delicate hair, and no lady or gentleman who has a head should be without it. Of all Chemists and Perfumers, 3s. 6d. a bottle, or direct from the Depot, 330 High Holborn, London, W.C. E. BARTON, Manager.



Are necessary to secure Healthy Dwellings.

Effectual practical Tests, including Inspection, Specification, and Estimate, can be obtained of the Drainage, &c., of Houses within the Metropolitan area on the following terms:—

Houses Rated under £50 per annum	..	£1	1	0
" " over £50 and under £100	..	2	2	0
" " " £100	3	3	0

When the work recommended to be done is required to be inspected and certified as satisfactory, an additional charge of 10s. 6d. only is made.

The Association does not execute works recommended by its Officers, hence unnecessary expenditure is not incurred.

For Prospectus apply to the Secretary,

THE LONDON AND SUBURBAN SANITARY SURVEY ASSOCIATION,
30 FINSBURY PAVEMENT, E.C.



Messrs. LONGMANS & CO.'S NEW BOOKS.

The WORKS of THOMAS HILL GREEN,

Late Fellow of Balliol College, and Whyte's Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Oxford. Edited by R. L. NETTLESHIP, Fellow of Balliol College, Oxford. In Three Volumes. Vol. I. PHILOSOPHICAL WORKS. 8vo. 16s.

CONTENTS :

Introductions to HUME's 'Treatise of Human Nature.'

Mr. HERBERT SPENCER and Mr. G. H. LEWES ; their application of the Doctrine of Evolution to Thought.

I. Mr. Spencer on the Relation of Subject and Object. III. Mr. Lewes' Account of Experience.

II. Mr. Spencer on the Independence of Matter.

IV. Mr. Lewes' Account of the 'Social Medium.'

V. An Answer to Mr. Hodgson.

JOTTINGS in GERMANY and FRANCE:

Peasant Proprietors, and other Essays. By Lady VERNEY. 2 vols. crown 8vo.

[Nearly ready.]

The CYCLADES; or, Life among the Insular Greeks.

By J. THEODORE BENT, B.A., Oxon., Author of 'Genoa: How the Republic Rose and Fell' &c. With Map. Crown 8vo. 12s. 6d.

'If we have repeated none of Mr. Bent's own good stories, it is only in order that we may send our readers direct to his amusing pages in search of them at first hand. There is matter enough in this little volume to stock half a dozen ordinary book-makers' fat note-books.'

PALL MALL GAZETTE.

A HIGHLAND GATHERING.

By E. LENNOX PEEL. Being a Collection of Deerstalking and Fishing Incidents, Riverside and Country Scenes. With Frontispiece and 30 Illustrations by CHARLES WHYMFER, engraved on Wood by EDWARD WHYMFER. Crown 8vo. 10s. 6d.

'This is indeed a capital book, and cannot fail to interest and amuse the sportsman. Those especially who are familiar with Highland sport will appreciate the happy and graphic style of the sketches here collected, but even men whose experiences of rod and gun have not been gained in North Britain will be glad to accompany the Author on his adventures.'

ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS.

CHESS ECCENTRICITIES.

Including Four-handed Chess, Chess for Three, Six, or Eight Players, Round Chess for Two, Three, or Four Players, and several different ways of Playing Chess for Two Players. By Major GEORGE HOPE VERNEY. With 4 Plates and numerous Illustrative Diagrams. Crown 8vo. 10s. 6d.

'We have not space to chronicle all the various "eccentricities" recorded by Major Verney. Even the regular chess player, who has no taste for aught but the standard game, will in any case read the various details with much historical interest, and those who wish to study four-handed chess will find the fullest instructions upon it, as to rules and strategy, in Major Verney's pages. We may compliment the writer on the careful manner in which he has hunted up and compiled the very interesting historical facts which he sets before us.'

PALL MALL GAZETTE.

HOW to MAKE the LAND PAY;

Or, Profitable Industries connected with the Land, and suitable to all occupations, large or small. By HENRY P. DUNSTER, M.A. Vicar of Wood-Bastwick, Norfolk. Crown 8vo. 5s.

[In a few days.]

MADAM: a Novel.

By Mrs. OLIPHANT. Cheap Edition in One Volume. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.

'The heroine of this book is a very noble figure—fit to stand in the same gallery with patient GRISELDA. . . . Mrs. Oliphant tells this woman's story with a strength and pathos that no living writer could excel. The most practised of novel readers must be startled into sudden admiration by the feats of sheer literary skill which are again and again achieved in these pages, and achieved with a grace and ease that remove all appearance of effort.'

VANITY FAIR.

'TOWARDS the TRUTH': Thoughts in Verse.

By Sir JOHN CROKER BARROW, Bart. Author of 'The Valley of Tears,' and other Poems. Fep. 8vo. 5s. cloth, gilt edges.

BITS of BRAZIL, The LEGEND of LILITH, and other POEMS.

By JOHN CAMERON GRANT, Author of 'Songs from the Sunny South,' 'Prairie Pictures,' &c. Crown 8vo. 5s.

London: LONGMANS, GREEN, & CO.

Messrs. LONGMANS & CO.'S NEW BOOKS.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY of SIR HENRY TAYLOR, K.C.M.G., 1800-1875.

With Portrait from Photograph by Mr. HAWKER, Bournemouth. 2 vols. 8vo. 32s.

'In his naïve and pleasantly-written narrative Sir Henry Taylor recounts with equal fulness and precision the details of his domestic, of his literary, and of his official life, and in each alike he seems to have had more than the average share of comfort and enjoyment.'—*ATHENÆUM*.

'Not a line in the two volumes is capable of giving offence. A total absence of harsh verdict or ungenerous censure distinguishes the autobiography from most works of its class and constitutes a singular charm. In addition to this high, if negative, virtue, there is abundance of interest, together with any amount of pleasant and comforting suggestions.'—*NOTES AND QUERIES*.

MEMOIRS of an EX-MINISTER: an Autobiography.

By the EARL OF MALMESBURY, G.C.B. New and Cheaper Edition. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

REMINISCENCES chiefly of TOWNS, VILLAGES, and SCHOOLS.

By the Rev. THOMAS MOZLEY, M.A. 2 vols. crown 8vo. 18s.

'One can scarcely regret that Mr. Mozley should have fallen into his anecdotalage, when the fruits of it is an entertaining book like this. The reminiscences extend over more than half a century, and are none the less interesting because they are chiefly of places and people unknown to fame.'—*ACADEMY*.

LOUIS PASTEUR, HIS LIFE and LABOURS.

By his SON-IN-LAW. Translated from the French by LADY CLAUD HAMILTON. With Introduction by Professor TYNDALL. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

'Professor Tyndall's Essay, contributed as an Introduction to the volume, is a sparkling monograph of such lucidity and weight as to deserve particular recognition.' It stamps Pasteur's golden discoveries with the approving recognition of a competent judge.'—*LITERARY WORLD*.

The STRANGE CAREER of the CHEVALIER D'EON DE BEAUMONT.

Minister Plenipotentiary from France to Great Britain in 1763. By Captain J. BUCHAN TELFER, R.N., F.S.A., F.R.G.S. With 3 Portraits. 8vo. 12s.

'* * This History of the Chevalier D'Eon de Beaumont, whose sex was a mystery for upwards of forty years, is treated from original MSS. and other unpublished documents, and French official despatches in the works of Flassan, Loménie, Gaillardet, Boutarie, the Duke de Broglie, and Vandal.

The WANDERINGS of ULYSSES:

A Sequel to 'The TROJAN WAR.' By Prof. C. WITT, Head Master of the Altstadt Gymnasium, Königsberg. Translated from the German by FRANCES YOUNG-HUSBAND. Crown 8vo. with Frontispiece, 3s. 6d. [On July 1.

The ESSENTIALS of HISTOLOGY, Descriptive and Practical: for the Use of Students.

By E. A. SCHÄFER, F.R.S. Jodrell Professor of Physiology in University College, London; Editor of the Histological portion of Quain's 'Anatomy.' With 281 Illustrations on Wood. 8vo. 6s., or Interleaved with drawing paper for the convenience of Students, price 8s. 6d.

The PHAINOMENA, or 'HEAVENLY DISPLAY' of ARATOS, done into English Verse.

By ROBERT BROWN, Jun. F.S.A. Author of 'The Great Dionysiak Myth,' 'The Myth of Kirké,' &c. With 68 Illustrations engraved on Wood. 4to. 10s. 6d. sewed.

A MANUAL of HEALTH-SCIENCE:

Adapted for use in Schools and Colleges and suited to the Requirements of Students preparing for the Examinations in Hygiene of the Science and Art Department, &c. By ANDREW WILSON, F.R.S.E. F.L.S. &c. 'Combe Lecturer' on Physiology and Health, Editor of 'Health' &c. With 74 Illustrations. Crown 8vo. 2s. 6d.

HARD KNOTS in SHAKESPEARE.

By Sir PHILIP PERRING, Bart. formerly Scholar of Trinity College, Cambridge. 8vo. 7s. 6d.

London: LONGMANS, GREEN, & CO.

NEW BOOKS

BY

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

MORE NEW ARABIAN NIGHTS.

THE DYNAMITER.

By ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

AND

FANNY VAN DE GRIFT STEVENSON.

Price ONE SHILLING sewed.

ONE SHILLING and SIXPENCE cloth.

THE TIMES.

'We are much inclined to wish that Mr. Stevenson may spin out his "New Arabian Nights" to the length of their immortal originals. In the present volume he has drawn generously on the riches of his fancy, and shows all his usual literary skill.'

ACADEMY.

'Again Mr. Stevenson shows his unique power of vivid and penetrative language, his absolute command of the right word. Never was a work "of an inexact and even fanciful description" written in such dainty and lucid English, or with so light a play of wit.'

SATURDAY REVIEW.

'The invention is as whimsical and abundant as ever. There is some capital comedy, some excellent writing, some admirable melodrama, and in "The Destroying Angel" and "The Fair Cuban" there are a couple of romantic stories which are equal, if not superior, to anything Mr. Stevenson has ever done.'

PALL MALL GAZETTE.

'Mr. Stevenson's tales, when he is in his Arabian vein, are like nothing else in the world of literature. When once we have resigned ourselves to the spell, we are rapt into a delirious country of dreams and visions, where the most impossible things may happen, and where all that happens is beheld with astonishing brilliance and distinctness. "The Dynamiter" is not a "shilling dreadful," but a "shilling delightful,"'

A CHILD'S GARDEN of VERSES.

By ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

Small fcp. 8vo. printed on hand-made paper, price 6s.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE.

'This various author now appears as the laureate of children, presenting us with such exquisite lyrics of childhood as can only be paralleled in "Blake's Songs of Innocence."'

GRAPHIC.

'This book is sure to be one of the treasured volumes of every wholesome nursery.'

THE TIMES.

'Nothing can be more sweet and simple than these charming verses for children.'

NOTICE.—*The First Edition of this book is exhausted, but a Second Edition is in preparation, and will be ready very shortly.*

ATHENÆUM.

'This volume is one which can be enjoyed by very young persons, but will be appreciated still more by men and women, who, when they see in its pages the reflex of their own childhood, will say involuntarily as they turn over the pages, "How charming and how true!"'

GUARDIAN.

'The especial charm of these verses is their perfect naturalness. They are written almost entirely from the child's point of view. They do not talk about children as mothers or tutors might talk, but the children speak themselves.'

London: LONGMANS, GREEN, & CO.

BOOKS FOR THE COUNTRY AND SEASIDE.

BENTLEY'S FAVOURITE NOVELS.

Each work can be had separately, price 6s., of all Booksellers in Town or Country.

By Mrs. HENRY WOOD.

East Lynne.
Anne Hereford.
Bessy Rane.
The Channings.
Court Netherleigh.
Dene Hollow.
Edina. | Elster's Folly.
George Canterbury's Will.
Johnny Ludlow. (1st Series.)
Johnny Ludlow. (2nd Series.)
Lady Adelaide.
Life's Secret, A.
Lord Oakburn's Daughters.
Master of Greylands.
Mildred Arkell.
Mrs. Halliburton's Troubles.
Orville College.
Oswald Cray. | Parkwater.
Pomeroy Abbey.
Red Court Farm.
Roland Yorke.
Shadow of Ashlydyat.
St. Martin's Eve.
Trevlyn Hold.
Verner's Pride.
Within the Maze.

By RHODA BROUGHTON.

Cometh up as a Flower.
Good-bye, Sweetheart!
Joan. | Nancy.
Not Wisely but too Well.
Red as a Rose is She.
Second Thoughts. | Belinda.

By Mrs. ALEXANDER.

The Admiral's Ward.
Look before you Leap.
Her Dearest Foe.
The Wooing o't.
Which shall it be?
The Freres.

By Mrs. ANNIE EDWARDES.

Leah: a Woman of Fashion.
Ought We to Visit Her?
Steven Lawrence: Yeoman.
A Ball Room Repentance.

By Mrs. RIDDELL.

Mystery in Palace Gardens.
Susan Drummond.
Berns Boyle.

By Mrs. PARR.

Adam and Eve. | Dorothy Fox.

By HAWLEY SMART.

Breezie Langton.

By MARCUS CLARKE.

For the Term of his Natural Life

By FLORENCE MONTGOMERY

Misunderstood.
Thrown Together. | Seaforth.

By JESSIE FOTHERGILL.

The First Violin.
Probation. | Healey.
The Wellfields.
Kith and Kin.

By ROSA N. CAREY.

Wooded and Married.
Nellie's Memories.
Barbara Heathcote's Trial.
Robert Ord's Atonement.

By Hon. LEWIS WINGFIELD.

Lady Grizel.

By BARONESS TAUTPHÆUS.

The Initials. | Quits!

By Mrs. CAMPBELL PRAED.

Policy and Passion.

By HELEN MATHERS.

Comin' thro' the Rye.
Sam's Sweetheart.

By ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

The Three Clerks.

By J. SHERIDAN LE FANU.

In a Glass Darkly.

By JANE AUSTEN.

*(The only Complete Edition, besides the
Seventon Edition, at 63s.)*

Emma.
Lady Susan, and The Watsons.
Mansfield Park.
Northanger Abbey, and Persuasion.
Pride and Prejudice.
Sense and Sensibility.

By Mrs. NOTLEY.

Olive Varcoe.

By Lady G. FULLERTON.

Too Strange not to be True.
Ellen Middleton.
Ladybird.

By W. CLARK RUSSELL.

An Ocean Free Lance.

By HECTOR MALOT.

No Relations.

By Mrs. AUGUSTUS CRAVEN.

A Sister's Story.

By E. WERNER.

No Surrender.
Success: and how he won it.
Under a Charm.

RICHARD BENTLEY & SON, NEW BURLINGTON STREET, LONDON,
Publishers in Ordinary to Her Majesty the Queen.

NOVELS

BY

G. J. WHYTE MELVILLE.

NEW AND CHEAPER EDITIONS.

Price ONE SHILLING each sewed; or EIGHTEEN-PENCE cloth.

THE GLADIATORS.
THE INTERPRETER.
GOOD FOR NOTHING.
THE QUEEN'S MARIES.
HOLMBY HOUSE.
KATE COVENTRY.
DIGBY GRAND.
GENERAL BOUNCE.

NOVELS

BY

BRET HARTE.

BY SHORE AND SEDGE.

1. AN APOSTLE OF THE TULE.
2. SARAH WALKER.
3. A SHIP OF '49.

Just Published. Price ONE SHILLING sewed.

ON THE FRONTIER.

1. AT THE MISSION OF SAN CARMEL.
2. A BLUE GRASS PENELOPE.
3. LEFT OUT ON LONE STAR MOUNTAIN.

Price ONE SHILLING sewed.

IN THE CARQUINEZ WOODS.

Price 2s. boards; 2s. 6d. cloth.

London: LONGMANS, GREEN, & CO.

MISS INGELOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

*A Third Series of POEMS by JEAN INGELOW
is now ready, fcp. 8vo. price 5s.*

*The First and Second Series, reprinted
with additional matter from the 23rd
and 6th Editions of the two volumes
respectively, can be had in 2 vols. fcp.
8vo. price 12s.*

London: LONGMANS, GREEN, & CO.

CRAMER'S NEW PIANOFORTES, WITH IRON FRAMES.

J. B. CRAMER & CO. beg to call attention to their New Iron-framed Cottage Pianofortes, which combine great power and purity of tone, with a general excellence hitherto the characteristic of only the best Grand Pianofortes.

These Instruments are made in different sizes and cases, to meet the taste of all purchasers, and are supplied on Cramer's three years' system, which though partially adopted by others, is carried out on a thoroughly large and liberal scale only by themselves.

IRON-FRAMED PIANETTES From 30 Guineas.

From £2. 16s. per quarter on their three years' system.

IRON-FRAMED PIANINOS From 36 Guineas.

From £3. 10s. per quarter on their three years' system.

IRON-FRAMED COTTAGES From 55 Guineas.

From £5. 5s. per quarter on their three years' system.

FULL PARTICULARS POST FREE ON APPLICATION.

Nothing supplied but what is of the highest and most satisfactory quality.

Exchanged any time within Six Months without loss to the Purchaser.

J. B. CRAMER & CO.,

Regent Street, W.; Bond Street, W.; High Street, Notting Hill, W.; Moorgate Street, E.C., LONDON. Church Street, LIVERPOOL. 20 West Street, and 88 Western Road, BRIGHTON. And of their Agents at DUBLIN, BELFAST, GLASGOW, and EDINBURGH; and the principal Musicsellers throughout the United Kingdom.

BOOKS OF TRAVEL AND ADVENTURE.

ALPINE CLUB (The).—GUIDES AND MAPS.

The Alpine Guide. By JOHN BALL, M.R.I.A. Post 8vo. with Maps and other Illustrations :—

The Eastern Alps. 10s. 6d.

Central Alps, including all the Oberland District. 7s. 6d.

Western Alps, including Mont Blanc, Monte Rosa, Zermatt, &c. 6s. 6d.

The Alpine Club Map of Switzerland, on the Scale of Four Miles to an Inch. Edited by R. C. NICHOLS, F.R.G.S. Four Sheets in Portfolio, 42s. coloured, or 34s. uncoloured.

Enlarged Alpine Club Map of the Swiss and Italian Alps, on the Scale of Three English Statute Miles to One Inch, in Eight Sheets, 1s. 6d. each.

On Alpine Travelling and the Geology of the Alps. Price 1s. Either of the Three Volumes or Parts of the 'Alpine Guide' may be had with this Introduction prefixed, 1s. extra.

Above the Snow Line: Mountaineering Sketches between 1870 and 1880. By CLINTON DENT, Vice-President of the Alpine Club. With Two Engravings by Edward Whymper and an Illustration by Percy Macquoid. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

The Maritime Alps and their Seaboard. By the Author of 'Véra,' 'Blue Roses,' &c. With 14 Full-page Illustrations and 15 Woodcuts in the Text. 8vo. 21s.

Visits to Remarkable Places, Old Halls, Battle-Fields, Scenes illustrative of Striking Passages in English History and Poetry. By WILLIAM HOWITT. With 80 Illustrations engraved on Wood. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

Across the Pampas and the Andes; being an Account of an Exploring and Surveying Expedition across the Continent of South America. By ROBERT CRAWFORD, M.A. With a Map and Illustrations. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

Three in Norway. By Two of THEM. With a Map and 59 Illustrations on Wood from Sketches by the Authors. Crown 8vo. 6s.

WORKS BY LADY BRASSEY.

A Voyage in the 'Sunbeam,' our Home on the Ocean for Eleven Months. With Map and 65 Wood Engravings.

LIBRARY EDITION. 8vo. 21s.

CABINET EDITION. Cr. 8vo. 7s. 6d.

SCHOOL EDITION. Fcp. 8vo. 2s.

POPULAR EDITION. 4to. 6d.

Sunshine and Storm in the East; or, Cruises to Cyprus and Constantinople. With 2 Maps and 114 Illustrations engraved on Wood.

LIBRARY EDITION. 8vo. 21s.

CABINET EDITION. Cr. 8vo. 7s. 6d.

In the Trades, the Tropics, and the 'Roaring Forties'; or, Fourteen Thousand Miles in the *Sunbeam* in 1883. With 292 Illustrations engraved on Wood from drawings by R. T. Pritchett, and Eight Maps and Charts.

ÉDITION DE LUXE, imperial 8vo. £3. 13s. 6d.

LIBRARY EDITION, 8vo. 21s.

WORKS BY SIR SAMUEL W. BAKER.

Eight Years in Ceylon. Crown 8vo. Woodcuts. 5s.

The Rifle and the Hound in Ceylon. Crown 8vo. Woodcuts. 5s.

In the Lena Delta: a Narrative of the Search for Lieut.-Commander De Long and his Companions, followed by an account of the Greely Relief Expedition, and a Proposed Method of Reaching the North Pole. By GEORGE W. MELVILLE, Chief Engineer, U.S.N. Edited by MELVILLE PHILIPS. With Maps and Illustrations. 8vo. 14s.

San Remo, Climatically and Medically Considered. By ARTHUR HILL HASSALL, M.D. With 30 Illustrations. Crown 8vo. 5s.

The Cyclades; or, Life among the Insular Greeks. By J. THEODORE BENT, B.A. Oxon. With Map. Crown 8vo. 12s. 6d.

Wintering in the Riviera; with Notes of Travel in Italy and France, and Practical Hints to Travellers. By W. MILLER. With 12 Illustrations. Post 8vo. 7s. 6d.

London: LONGMANS, GREEN, & CO.

FURNISH THROUGHOUT. (Regd.)
OETZMANN & CO.

67, 69, 71, 73, 77, & 79 **HAMPSTEAD ROAD, LONDON, N.W.**
 ORDERS PER POST RECEIVE PROMPT AND FAITHFUL ATTENTION.



OCCASIONAL EASY CHAIRS.
 Upholstered in rich Silk Tapestries and
 Plush, with carved banisters, or stuffed
 at back, 28s. 6d.
 An immense variety of Easy Chairs
 always on view in the Show Rooms.



**Black and Gold
 or Walnut and Gold
 Decorated
 [CORNER BRACKET.]**
 8s. 9d. Post free, 9d. extra.



**Walnut, Birch, or Ebonized
 Etagère
 OCCASIONAL TABLE.**
 Top 17 in. by 17 in., 27 in. high,
 14s. 6d.
 Ebonized & Gold ditto, 17s. 6d.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE POST FREE.
 HOUSES AND ESTATES TO BE LET OR SOLD-TOWN AND COUNTRY. REGISTER FREE.

SCHWEITZER'S COCOATINA.

Anti-Dyspeptic Cocoa, or Chocolate Powder.

GUARANTEED PURE SOLUBLE COCOA OF THE FINEST QUALITY.
 The FACULTY pronounce it 'the most nutritious, perfectly digestible Beverage for BREAKFAST, LUNCHEON, or
 SUPPER, and invaluable for Invalids, and Young Children.'

*Being without sugar, spice, or other admixture, it suits all palates, keeps for years in all climates, and is four times the
 strength of Cocoas thickened yet weakened with arrowroot, starch, &c., and in reality cheaper than such mixtures.*
 Made instantaneously with boiling water, a Teaspoonful to a Breakfast Cup, costing less than one halfpenny.

**COCOATINA possesses remarkable sustaining properties, and is specially adapted for
 early Breakfasts.**

In Air-tight Tins, at 1s. 6d., 2s., 5s. 6d., &c., by Chemists and Grocers.

SOUTHALL'S (Patented)
Sanitary Towels
 1s. and 2s. Per
 Packet of 1 doz. **For Ladies**

From Ladies' Underclothing Establishments Everywhere.

Sample Packet of One dozen Towels, with descriptive Circular,
 containing testimonials from Medical Men, Professional
 Nurses, &c., by Parrels Post, for 1/3 or 2/3; Six Packets, 6/6,
 and 12/6; from the Patentees and Sole Manufacturers,

SOUTHALL BROS. & BARCLAY, Birmingham.

Wholesale [SHARP, PERRIN, & CO., 31 Old Change;
 Agents, LSTAPLEY & SMITH, London Wall, Lond. n.

For Protection against useless and injurious imitations,
 each Packet bears the Signature of the Patentees.



Established 1835.

VALUABLE
 HOUSEHOLD MEDICINE,
**WHELPTON'S
 VEGETABLE
 PURIFYING PILLS**

By the use of which, for nearly FIFTY YEARS, MANY
 THOUSANDS OF CURES have been effected, numbers of
 which cases had been pronounced INCURABLE. The
 numerous well-authenticated Testimonials in disorders of
 the HEAD, CHEST, BOWELS, LIVER, and KIDNEYS;
 also in RHEUMATISM, ULCERS, SORES, and all SKIN
 DISEASES are sufficient to prove the great value of this
 most useful Family Medicine, it being A DIRECT PURI-
 FIER OF THE BLOOD.

Many persons have found them of great service, both in pre-
 venting and relieving SEA SICKNESS; and in warm climates
 they are very beneficial in all BILIOUS COMPLAINTS.

In Boxes, price 7d., 1s. 1/4, and 2s. 9d., by G. WHELPTON
 & SON, 3 Crane Court, Fleet Street, London, and sent free to
 any part of the United Kingdom, on receipt of 3s. 14, or 3s
 stamps. Sold by all Chemists at home and abroad.

MALE AND FEMALE AGENTS.—Any man of
 woman can make A GUINEA A DAY at
 home. If you are engaged during the day, you
 can add to your income by evening work. Full
 particulars FREE. Address—A. M. RICHARDSON, 134,
 Regent Street, London, W.

NEW BOOK BY R. A. PROCTOR.
HOW TO PLAY WHIST.

With the Laws and Etiquette of Whist, &c.
 By 'FIVE OF CLUBS' (R. A. PROCTOR).
 Crown 8vo, 5s.

London: LONGMANS, GREEN, & CO.

DR. DE SANCTIS'S RHEUMATIC AND GOUT PILLS.

PREPARED FROM THE RECIPE OF THE LATE BARTHOLOMEW DE SANCTIS, M.D.

Licentiate of the Royal College of Physicians, London.

The unfailing efficacy of Dr. De Sanctis's Pills for the cure of Gout and Rheumatism having been tried in a very extensive practice, with uniform success, fully warrants their being offered for general use, as a specific, and the only one, for the cure of Gout, Rheumatism, Rheumatic Gout, Lumbago, and also all pains in the Limbs and Muscles; the excruciating pain in these complaints is greatly relieved within a few hours after administration.

DR. DE SANCTIS'S PILLS are sold in Boxes at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. each, by EDWARD CLEAVER, late HANNAY & CO., 39 GREAT PORTLAND STREET (removed from 63 Oxford Street), LONDON, and forwarded free of carriage to any part of the Kingdom on receipt of a Post Office Order for 1s. 2d. or 2s. 10d.

THE 'THORNCLIFFE.'



THE 'ECONOMIST.'

AWARDED SILVER MEDAL,
International Health Exhibition, 1884.

These Ranges are the most perfect and economical in the market. Being constructed on scientific principles they possess every requisite for Roasting, Baking, Boiling, Stewing, &c. All the flues are ascending, thus giving a uniform heat to the Hot Plate and round the Ovens, also furnishing a good supply of Hot Water. They can be used either as open or close fire Ranges. The 'Thorncliffe' is fixed in nearly all parts of the kingdom, and giving great satisfaction. The 'Economist' requires no brick-work, and only consumes 2 lbs. of coal per hour when in full work.



Illustrated Catalogues with Testimonials on application.

NEWTON, CHAMBERS, & CO., Limited,

THORNCLIFFE IRONWORKS, NEAR SHEFFIELD;
35d 47 SHEFFIELD MOOR, SHEFFIELD.

19 GREAT GEORGE STREET, WESTMINSTER,

£150 IN GOLD FREE

We offer the above amount of money and **TEN GOLD WATCHES FREE** to the first 107 persons answering the following Bible question: **WHAT KING IN THE BIBLE IS MENTIONED AS HAVING LAIN ON AN IRON BED-STEAD?** Mention the **BOOK, CHAPTER AND VERSE.**

The first person answering this question correctly, on or before July 25th, will receive £20 in gold. If we receive more than one correct answer, the second will receive £15; the third, £15; the fourth, £15; the fifth, £10; the sixth, £8; the seventh, £6; the eighth, £5; the ninth, £4; the tenth, £2; the eleventh, £1; Ten Gold Watches to the next ten correct answers, and 10s. each to the next One Hundred people answering it correctly. If you are not the first, remember that you may be the second or third, so you stand a good chance for a large prize. Each competitor must, in every case, send 2s. for a six months' or 4s. for one year's subscription to **THE HOUSEHOLD JOURNAL**, with their answer. This journal is an illustrated magazine, and is one of the most beautiful and popular of the Day. It contains Twenty Large Pages, and has an elegantly engraved, illustrated, and tinted cover. It is replete with beautiful illustrations and choice literature. No expense is spared to make this publication one of the finest in the world.

The regular subscription price of the Journal is 4s. per year, so you pay nothing additional for the privilege of competing for one of the above prizes. The money will be sent to the successful ones. The names of those who obtain prizes will be given in the paper. Send your answer at once. Don't wait. Send money by Registered Letter or P.O. Postage Stamps taken. Sample copy, 4d. Address—

THE HOUSEHOLD JOURNAL,

H. C. EDWARDS, Manager, 31, Bouverie Street, Fleet St. London, E.C.

'FOR THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE'

CLARKE'S

WORLD-FAMED

BLOOD MIXTURE

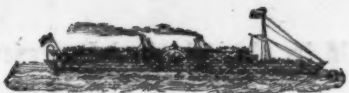
Is warranted to cleanse the blood from all impurities, from whatever cause arising. For Scrofula, Scurvy, Sores of all kinds, Skin and Blood Diseases, its effects are marvellous. Thousands of testimonials from all parts. In bottles, 2s. 9d. each, and in cases of six times the quantity, 11s. each, of all Chemists. Sent to any address for 3s or 12s stamps, by THE LINCOLN AND MIDLAND COUNTIES' DRUG COMPANY, Lincoln.

PAGE WOODCOCK'S WIND PILLS

GOOD for the cure of **WIND on the STOMACH.**
GOOD for the cure of **INDIGESTION.**
GOOD for the cure of **SICK HEADACHE.**
GOOD for the cure of **HEARTBURN.**
GOOD for the cure of **BILIOUSNESS.**
GOOD for the cure of **LIVER COMPLAINT.**
GOOD for the cure of **ALL COMPLAINTS** arising from a disordered state of the **STOMACH, BOWELS, or LIVER.**

They are sold by all Medicine Vendors, in boxes at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 6d. each; or, should any difficulty occur, enclose 14, 3s, or 54 stamps, according to size, to PAGE D. WOODCOCK, High Street, Lincoln, and they will be sent free by return of post.

SUMMER TOURS.



GLASGOW AND THE HIGHLANDS.

(ROYAL ROUTE, VIA CRINAN AND CALEDONIAN CANALS.)
Special Cabin Tickets for Tourists issued during the Season, giving the *privilege* of the run of all the undernamed Steamers to any part of the Highlands at which they may call during the time specified.
One Week, £3; Two Weeks, £5; or Six Separate Days, £3. 10s.

THE ROYAL MAIL STEAMERS,

New Steamship 'GRENADIER.'
Claymore, Chevalier, Lochawe, Pioneer, Fingal, Cavalier, Staffa,
Columba, Inverary Castle, Mountaineer, Glangarry, Linnet, Lochness, Glencoe,
Iona, Gondolier, Islay, Clydesdale, Lochiel, Clansman,
Sail during the Season for Islay, Lochawe, Oban, Fort William, Inverness, Staffa, Iona, Glencoe, Tobermory, Portree, Strone Ferry, Gairloch (Loch Maree), Ullapool, Loch Inver, and Stornoway; affording Tourists an opportunity of visiting the magnificent scenery of Glencoe, Cuchullin Hills, Loch Coruisk, Loch Scavaig, Loch Maree, and the famed islands of Staffa and Iona. Official Guide Book, 3d.; Illustrated, 6d. and 1s. Time Bill, with Map and Tourist Fares, free by post from the Proprietor. DAVID MACBRAYNE, 119 Hope Street, Glasgow.

KEATING'S POWDER

DESTROYS

**BUGS,
FLEAS,
MOTHS,
BEETLES**

Sold in Tins 6^d 1/- & 2/6

NURSE EDDA'S INFANT'S CARMINATIVE

*Perfectly harmless; it may be used
freely as often as desired.*

Guaranteed entirely free from any opiates or
noxious or strong acting Medicine; its effect is
instant in relieving Infants from

GRIPES, WIND AND COLIC.

Price 1s. per Bottle at all Chemists, or free by
Parcels Post: same price, 12 stamps to

T. KEATING, Chemist, St. Paul's, London.

HIMROD'S CURE FOR ASTHMA

Has been thoroughly tested in many of the worst cases,
and was pronounced by the late Earl of Beaconsfield, in
whose case it was employed under the highest medical
supervision, to have given him the 'only real relief'
he had during his last illness. Of all Chemists. 4s. per
box, or direct for 4s. 8d. from the undersigned.

F. NEWBERRY & SONS,

BRITISH DEPOT: 1 KING EDWARD STREET,
NEWGATE STREET, LONDON, E.C.
(125 years in St. Paul's Churchyard.)

HAY-FEVER AND COLDS Cured by Dr. DUNBAR'S

ALKARAM SMELLING BOTTLE,

TWO SHILLINGS AND NINEPENCE EACH,

Which, if inhaled on the first symptoms, will at once
remove them, and even when a cold has been neglected
and become severe, it will give immediate relief, and
generally cure in one day.

To open the bottle dip the stopper into very hot
water and rub off the isinglass.

Address Dr. DUNBAR, care of F. NEWBERRY & SONS,
1 King Edward Street, Newgate Street, London, E.C.



J. J. BELL & SONS' SECRETE OIL FOR THE HAIR

(Established upwards of 40 years.)

Effectually promotes the growth and
beauty of the hair, and by exerting
a vigorous action in the capillary
vessels prevents its falling or be-
coming grey. It is not a dye, and
contains nothing but what is bene-
ficial to the preservation of the hair.

Of Chemists and Perfumers,
per bottle, 1/ 2/, or 5/.

Post-free, carefully packed, for 1/3,
2/3, or 5/3, from the Sole Proprietors,

F. NEWBERRY & SONS,

1 King Edward St., Newgate St.,
LONDON, E.C.
Established A.D. 1746.

JENNY LIND. — 'I
have much pleasure in
confirming, as far as my
experience extends, the
testimony already so
general in favour of the
Lozenges prepared by
you.'



DOUGHTY'S VOICE LOZENGES

Are sold by all Chemists, 6d., 1s., 2s. 6d., 5s., 11s.; or
Post Free, 7d., 1s. 2d., 2s. 9d., 5s. 4d., and 11s. 6d.

**F. NEWBERRY & SONS, 1 King Edward Street,
Newgate Street, London. Established A.D. 1746.**

**SPECIALITIES
FOR ALL**

**Sold by the principal Druggists at
Home and Abroad.**

**THE YEAR
ROUND.**

**JACKSON'S
RUSMA,**

FOR Removal of Hair, without the use of the Razor, from the Arms, Neck, or Face, as well as Sunburn or Tan from the Skin.

The activity of this DEPILATORY is notable; it works without noise; it leaves a whole skin and a clean complexion.

**At 1s.
Inland Post
1s. 2d.**

**JACKSON'S
INCENSE
SPILLS.**

A NEAT and Antiseptic fashion of perfuming a House; one of those rare cases of Ancient Custom and Modern Science being in accord.

When smouldering, these Spills yield a fragrance which diffuses itself throughout a room, charging the atmosphere with sweet odours.

**At 6d.
Inland Post
7d.**

**JACKSON'S
BENZINE
RECT.**

FOR taking out Grease, Oil, Paint, &c., from all Absorbent Fabrics, Dress or Drapery; Furs, Gloves, Slippers, Books, and Manuscripts it cleans with equal success. It may be freely used to wash Gilt surfaces, to which water is destructive.

**At 6d., 1s.,
and 2s. 6d.
Parcels Post,
3d. extra.**

**H.R.H.
Prince Albert's
Cachoux.**

Dainty morsels
in the form of tiny silver
Bullets, which dissolve in the
mouth, and surrender to the Breath
their hidden fragrance.

The little caskets containing the
Cachoux bear a fine medallion of the
late Prince Consort.

They are also furnished with the
"Albert Gate Latch" (Registered),
being Thomas Jackson's con-
trivance for paying out the
Cachoux singly.

**At
SIXPENCE,
by Post
7d.**

**JACKSON'S
CHINESE
DIAMOND
CEMENT,**

For Mending every Article of Ornament or Furniture, China, Glass, Earthenware, and what not.

T. J., in making this Cement, has constantly kept in view the production of an article fit for general household purposes, easy to use, and which would, with average care, repair damages so that the mended articles should be able to do duty alongside the sound ones, and bear the wear and tear of the set. He has aimed to make a Cement of stable composition, neither apt to decay nor to lose its good qualities, although carried to the Antipodes or kept untouched for years.

**AT
6d. and 1s.
Inland Post
14 Pence.**

**JACKSON'S
FRENCH
LIQUID GLUE.**

THE ORIGINAL TRANSPARENT CEMENT.

Clear as Crystal. Ready for use. Free from unpleasant smell, and proper for whatever Glue is fit for—from a doll's nose to a table's leg.

**6d. and 1s.
Parcels Post
3d. extra.**

1885.

**FROM THE LABORATORY OF
THOMAS JACKSON,
Strangeways, MANCHESTER.**

*Postage for
ABROAD
at Letter Rates
to same place.*

THE GREAT REMEDY



FOR HEADACHE, SEA OR BILIOUS SICKNESS, CONSTIPATION, INDIGESTION, LASSITUDE, LOW SPIRITS, HEARTBURN, and FEVERISH COLDS, prevents and quickly relieves or cures the worst form of TYPHUS, SCARLET, JUNGLE, and other FEVERS, PRICKLY HEAT, SMALL-POX, MEASLES, ERUPTIVE or SKIN COMPLAINTS, and various other altered CONDITIONS of the BLOOD. 'It

'SAVED MY LIFE,'

'for the Fever had obtained a strong hold on me. In a few days I was quite well.'—*Extract from a letter of C. Fitzgerald, Esq., formerly Correspondent of the Manchester Guardian in Albania, referring to*

LAMPLOUGH'S PYRETIC SALINE.

Drs. MORGAN, TURNER, GIBSON, DOWSING, CARR JACKSON, MILNE, and others have given unqualified testimony in favour of it. Sold by all Chemists in Patent Glass-Stoppered Bottles, 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d., 11s., and 21s. each.

H. LAMPLOUGH, 113 HOLBORN, LONDON, E.C.

THE 'FACILE' SAFETY BICYCLE

(BEALE & STRAW'S PATENT).



THE 'FACILE' has been amply proved by the many wonderful performances accomplished on it, to be absolutely the best machine for all cases of riders, combining in the highest degree the essentials of Safety, Speed, and Comfort, together with many incidental advantages. All are invited to try the machine by hiring one on terms stated in descriptive pamphlet, which will be sent post-free on application.



SOLE MANUFACTURERS,

TRADE MARK.

ELLIS & CO., Limited, 47 FARRINGTON ROAD, LONDON, E.C.

N.B.—The longest distance ever covered on the road in one day on any machine, viz., 268½ Miles in 24 Hours was ridden on a 'FACILE.' During 1884 ten 'one-day' road rides of over 200 miles were made on this wonderful machine, the average of these being about 220 miles in one day.

'SULPHOLINE LOTION.'

An external CURE for SKIN DISEASES. There is scarcely any eruption but will yield to 'Sulpholine' in a few days, and commence to fade away. Ordinary pimples, redness, blotches, scurf, roughness, vanish as if by magic; whilst old skin disorders, however deeply rooted, 'Sulpholine' successfully attacks. It destroys the animalcules which cause these unsightly irritable affections, and produces a clear, healthy skin. 'Sulpholine' Lotion is sold by Chemists. Bottles, 2s. 6d.

PEPPER'S QUININE AND IRON TONIC

Ensures great Bodily Nerve, Mental and Digestive Strength. It promotes Appetite, dispels Languor and Depression. Sold everywhere. Insist on having Pepper's 'Tonic.'

PEPPER'S TARAXACUM & PODOPHYLLIN.

This fluid, extracted from medicinal roots, is used instead of blue pill and calomel for the cure of dyspepsia, biliousness, and all symptoms of congestion of the liver, pain between the shoulders, headache, drowsiness, no appetite. It sets the liver in motion, very slightly acts on the bowels, giving a sense of health and comfort speedily. Bottles, 2s. 6d. Sold by all Chemists.

LOCKYER'S SULPHUR HAIR RESTORER

Is the safest and best. In a few days it gradually deepens grey or white hair to a perfectly natural shade. Recommended for destroying scurf and encouraging growth of new hair. Lockyer's surpasses the effect of costly washes. 1s. 6d. Sold everywhere.

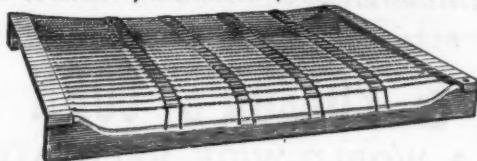
The 'EXCELSIOR' PATENT SPRING MATTRESS.

PATRONISED BY ROYALTY, THE NOBILITY, AND THE MEDICAL PROFESSION.

AWARDS.

TEN PRIZE

MEDALS.



AWARDS.

THIRTEEN
CERTIFICATES
OF MERIT.

MATTRESS on polished pitch-pine frame. Made any size to fit Wood, Brass, or Iron Bedsteads.
The 'Excelsior' Invalid Chair. | The 'Excelsior' Invalid Couch. | The 'Excelsior' Bed-Rest.
The 'Excelsior' Invalid Bed. | The 'Excelsior' Hospital Beds.
Illustrated Descriptive Circulars & Price Lists from CHORLTON & DUGDALE, Manchester.

BRAND & CO'S
PRESERVED PROVISIONS
SOUPS & SPECIALTIES FOR INVALIDS
ESSENCES OF BEEF,
MUTTON, VEAL & CHICKEN,
BEER TEA, TURTLE SOUP & JELLY,
MEAT LOZENGES &c.

SOLE ADDRESS
 No. 11, LITTLE ST.
 STANHOPE ST.
 MANCHESTER.

PERFECTION!

A PERFECT
MARKING INK
 WITHOUT HEAT.
 No Trouble.

WALTON'S
'FLORA NIGRA'

Claims to be the only successful preparation possessing the above advantages for Writing, Etching, or Drawing on Linen, Calico, &c. It can be used with any clean stamp or steel pen, and cannot be removed without destroying the fabric.

Valuable to Hotels and Laundries, price 1s., 2s. 6d., to 31s. Post free for 13 stamps. Sold by Chemists and Stationers, &c.

PURITY!

WALTON'S
KALODERMA

Has succeeded everything yet introduced for Whitening, Softening, Healing, and Beautifying the Complexion, and Protecting the Skin from the ill effects of sudden changes of the weather. It is invaluable.

THE HANDS AND COMPLEXION.

Its cooling and refreshing qualities will be found a great luxury after the promenade or drive.
 Price 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d., 7s. 6d., &c.
 Post free 33 stamps.

Sold by all Chemists and Perfumers.

SIMPLICITY!

ELECTRO-PLATING AND GILDING AT HOME.

WALTON'S
ARGENTINE

Will fit-silver all kinds of Plated Goods on Copper, Brass, Nickel Silver, &c., such as Reflectors, Lamps, Harness, Urn Taps, Trinkets, &c. Price 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., &c. Post free for 11 stamps. Also

WALTON'S AURINE.
 A Solution of Gold for Re-gliding cheap Jewellery, Silver, &c. equal to solid Gold. When ladies wish to change Silver Trinkets into Gold, this will be found most convenient. Price 2s. 6d. and 3s. 6d. Post free for 33 stamps. Sold by Silversmiths, Chemists, and Ironmongers.

Proprietor, T. WALTON, Haverstock Hill, London, and 3 Upper Hill St., Richmond.

THE ORIGINAL
USE & ONLY GENUINE
WRIGHT'S AN ELEGANT TOILET SOAP
COAL TAR
SOAP
 TABLETS 6¹/₂ BOXES 1/6
 PRESCRIBED BY THE ENTIRE MEDICAL PROFESSION FOR THE CURE OF SKIN DISEASES.
 PROTECTS FROM MEASLES, SMALL POX & SCARLET FEVER.
W. V. WRIGHT & CO SOUTHWARE, LONDON.

HARTMANN'S
HYGIENIC WOOD WOOL
DIAPERS.

2/ Per Dozen.

Being thus by far cheaper than the usual expenditure for washing.
INDISPENSABLE TO LADIES TRAVELLING.

Of all Ladies' Outfitters.
 Wholesale Agents, Smart, Black & Co.
 33 London Wall, E.C.
 1 dozen 2/3, 6 dozen 12/6, from Sole Consignees,
ESSINGER & NEUBURGER.
 11 Hatton Garden, London, E.C. Wholesale Depot only.

HARTMANN'S PATENT WOOD WOOL, used in all the leading Hospitals throughout the country, which speaks better than any testimonials.

FOR PUDDINGS, BLANC-MANGE, CUSTARDS,

CHILDREN'S & INVALIDS' DIET,

AND ALL THE USES OF ARROWROOT,

BROWN & POLSON'S CORN FLOUR

HAS A WORLD-WIDE REPUTATION,

AND IS

DISTINGUISHED FOR UNIFORMLY SUPERIOR QUALITY.

LONGMAN'S MAGAZINE.

JULY 1885.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
WHITE HEATHER: A NOVEL. By WILLIAM BLACK	225
Chapter XXV.—Southwards.	
" XXVI.—Grey Days.	
" XXVII.—Kate.	
" XXVIII.—A Social Evening.	
THE FIRST POTTER. By GRANT ALLEN	262
LOVE AND LEARNING. By W. J. HENDERSON	270
THE PEASANTRY OF SOUTH WALES. By R. G. EVANS	286
AMBITION. By EDGAR FAWCETT	303
WILD FLOWERS. By RICHARD JEFFERIES	304
PRINCE OTTO: A ROMANCE. By R. L. STEVENSON	316
<i>Book II.—Of Love and Politics.</i>	
Chapter VII.—The Prince dissolves the Council.	
" VIII.—The Party of War takes Action.	
" IX.—The Price of the River Farm; in which vain glory goes before a fall.	

TRELOAR'S BRUSSELS CARPETS.

3/3 3/6 3/9 4/- 4/3 4/6 4/9 and 5/-

PER YARD.

TRELOAR & SONS,

68, 69, 70 LUDGATE HILL.

The "Four Seasons,"

*A sweet Tobacco of the highest class
excellent either in Pipe or Cigarette.*

*"Sweet when the Morn is grey,
Sweet when they've cleared away
Lunch; and at close of Day
Possibly sweetest."
(Calverley.)*

Manufactured *In Bond*
by
W. D. & H. O. WILKS.

HEAL & SON.

BEDSTEADS.—3 ft. IRON FRENCH, from 10s. 6d.
3 ft. BRASS FRENCH, from 45s.

BEDDING.—MATTRESSES, 3 ft., from 11s.
A NEW SPRING MATTRESS, war-
ranted good and serviceable, 3 ft., 25s.

HEAL'S PATENT SOMMIER ELASTIQUE POR-
TATIF, of which 30,000 have been sold, is the best
Spring Mattress yet invented, 3 ft., 40s.; 5 ft., 63s.
This, with a French Mattress, makes a most
luxurious bed.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE, WITH PRICE LIST OF BEDDING, FREE BY POST.
195 to 198 TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD.

BEDROOM FURNITURE.

PLAIN SUITES, from £3. DECORATED SUITES,
from £8. 10s.

SUITES OF WHITE ENAMEL, similar to that in
the Health Exhibition, from £14.

ASH and WALNUT SUITES, from £12. 12s.

EASY CHAIRS, from 35s. COUCHES, from 75s.



VELVETEEN

GENOA FACE
FAST WOVEN PILE.

Every yard of the Genuine bears
the name "LOUIS,"

and the wear of
EVERY YARD GUARANTEED.

PATTERNS POST FREE.

THOS. WALLIS & CO., HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON.

FIRST ESTABLISHED 1825. THE BEST AND CHEAPEST.

NEAVE'S FOOD

FOR INFANTS

LANCET.—'Carefully prepared
and highly nutritious.'

BRITISH MEDICAL JOURNAL.—

'Well adapted for chil-
dren, aged people, and
invalids.'



AND INVALIDS.

IN ONE-POUND
ONE SHILLING
CANISTERS.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

Wholesale of the Manufacturers,

J. R. NEAVE & CO., FORDINGBRIDGE, ENGLAND.

LONGMAN'S MAGAZINE.

JULY 1885.

White Heather :

A NOVEL.

BY WILLIAM BLACK.

CHAPTER XXV.

SOUTHWARDS.

AS for him, it was a sufficiently joyous departure; for some of the lads about were bent on accompanying him on the mail-car as far as Lairg; and they took with them John Macalpine and his weather-worn pipes to cheer them by the way; and at Crask they each and all of them had a glass of whisky; and on the platform at Lairg railway-station the clamour of farewell was great. And even when he had got quit of that noisy crew, and was in the third-class compartment, and thundering away to the south, his thoughts and fancies were eager and ardent and glad enough; and his brain was busy with pictures; and these were altogether of a joyful and hopeful kind. Already he saw himself on that wide estate—somewhere or other in the Highlands he fondly trusted: draining and planting and enclosing here; there pruning, and thinning, and felling; manufacturing charcoal and tar; planning temporary roads and bridges; stacking bark and faggots; or discussing with the head-keeper as to the desirability or non-desirability of reintroducing capercailzie. And if the young American lady and her father should chance to come that way, would he not have pleasure and pride in showing them over the place?—nay, his thoughts went further afield, and he saw before him Chicago, with its masts and its mighty lake, and him-

self not without a friendly grip of welcome on getting there. As for Meenie, where would she be in those coming and golden and as yet distant days? Far away from him, no doubt; and what else could he expect?—for now he saw her among the fine folk assembled at the shooting-lodge in Glengask—and charming all of them with her sweet and serious beauty and her gentle ways—and again he pictured her seated on the white deck of Sir Alexander's yacht, a soft south wind filling the sails, and the happy grey-blue Highland eyes looking forward contentedly enough to the yellow line of the Orosay shore. That was to be her future—fair and shining; for always he had associated Meenie with beautiful things—roses, the clear tints of the dawn, the singing of a lark in the blue; and who could doubt that her life would continue so, through these bright and freshly-coming years?

Yes, it was a glad enough departure for him; for he was busy and eager, and only anxious to set to work at once. But by-and-by, when the first novelty and excitement of the travelling was beginning to wear off, he suddenly discovered that the little Maggie, seated in the corner there, was stealthily crying.

‘What, what, lass?’ said he, cheerfully. ‘What is it now?’

She did not answer; and so he had to set to work to comfort her; making light of the change; painting in glowing colours all that lay before them; and promising that she should write to Miss Douglas a complete account of all her adventures in the great city. He was not very successful, for the little lass was sorely grieved over the parting from the few friends she had in the world; but at least it was an occupation: and perhaps in convincing her he was likewise convincing himself that all was for the best, and proving that people should be well content to leave the monotony and dulness of a Highland village for the wide opportunities of Glasgow.

But even he, with all his eager hopes and ambitions, was chilled to the heart when at last they drew near to the giant town. They had spent the night in Inverness, for he had some business to transact there on behalf of Lord Ailine; and now it was afternoon—an afternoon dull and dismal, with an east wind blowing that made even the outlying landscape they had come through dreary and hopeless. Then, as they got nearer to the city, such suggestions of the country as still remained grew more and more grim; there were patches of sour-looking grass surrounded by damp stone walls; gaunt buildings soot-begrimed and gloomy; and an ever-increasing blue-grey mist pierced by tall chimneys

that were almost spectral in the dulled light. He had been to Glasgow before, but chiefly on one or two swift errands connected with guns and game and fishing-rods; and he did not remember having found it so very melancholy-looking a place as this was. He was rather silent as he got ready for leaving the train.

He found his brother Andrew awaiting them; and he had engaged a cab, for a slight drizzle had begun. Moreover, he said he had secured for Ronald a lodging right opposite the station; and thither the younger brother forthwith transferred his things; then he came down the hollow-resounding stone stair again, and got into the cab, and set out for the Reverend Andrew's house, which was on the south side of the city.

And what a fierce and roaring Maelstrom was this into which they now were plunged! The dusky crowds of people, the melancholy masses of dark-hued buildings, the grimy flagstones, all seemed more or less phantasmal through the grey veil of mist and smoke; but always there arose the harsh and strident rattle of the tram-cars and the wagons and carts—a confused, commingled, unending din that seemed to fill the brain somehow and bewilder one. It appeared a terrible place this, with its cold grey streets, and hazy skies, and its drizzle of rain: when, in course of time, they crossed a wide bridge, and caught a glimpse of the river and the masts and funnels of some ships and steamers, these were all ghost-like in the thin, ubiquitous fog. Ronald did not talk much; for the unceasing turmoil perplexed and confused him; and so the stout, phlegmatic minister, whose bilious-hued face and grey eyes were far from being unkindly in their expression, addressed himself mostly to the little Maggie, and said that Rosina, and Alexandra, and Esther, and their brother James were all highly pleased that she was coming to stay with them, and also assured her that Glasgow did not always look so dull and miserable as it did then.

At length they stopped in front of a house in a long, unlovely, neutral-tinted street; and presently two rather weedy-looking girls, who turned out to be Rosina and Alexandra, were at the door, ready to receive the new-comers. Of course it was Maggie who claimed their first attention; and she was carried off to her own quarters to remove the stains of travel (and of tears) from her face. As for Ronald, he was ushered at once into the parlour, where his sister-in-law—a tall, thin woman, with a lachrymose face, but with sufficiently watchful eyes—greeted him in a melancholy way, and sighed, and introduced him to the company.

That consisted of a Mr. McLachlan—a large, pompous-looking person, with a grey face and short-cropped white hair, whose cool stare of observation and lofty smile of patronage instantly made Ronald say to himself ‘My good friend, we shall have to put you into your proper place;’ Mrs. McLachlan, an insignificant woman, dowdily dressed; and finally Mr. Weems, a little, old, withered man, with a timid and appealing look coming from under bushy black eyebrows—though the rest of his hair was grey. This Mr. Weems, as Ronald knew, was in a kind of fashion to become his coach. The poor old man had been half-killed in a railway-accident; had thus been driven from active duty; and now, with a shattered constitution and a nervous system all gone to bits, managed to live somehow on the interest of the compensation-sum awarded him by the railway-company. He did not look much of a hardy forester; but if his knowledge of land and timber measuring and surveying, and of bookkeeping and accounts, was such as to enable him to give this stalwart pupil a few practical lessons, so far well; and even the moderate recompense would doubtless be a welcome addition to his income.

And now this high occasion was to be celebrated by a ‘meat-tea’; for the Reverend Andrew was no stingy person; though his wife had sighed and sighed again over the bringing into the house of a new mouth to feed. Maggie came downstairs, accompanied by the other members of the family; Mr. McLachlan was invited to sit at his hostess’s right hand; the others of them took their seats in due course; and the minister pronounced a long and formal blessing, which was not without a reference or two to the special circumstances of their being thus brought together. And if the good man spoke apparently under the assumption that the Deity had a particular interest in this tea-meeting in Abbotsford Place, it was assuredly without a thought of irreverence; to himself the occasion was one of importance; and the way of his life led him to have continual—and even familiar—communion with the unseen Powers.

But it was not Ronald’s affairs that were to be the staple of conversation at this somewhat melancholy banquet. It very soon appeared that Mr. McLachlan was an elder—and a ruling elder, unmistakably—of Andrew Strang’s church; and he had come prepared with a notable proposal for wiping off the debt of the same.

‘Ah’m not wan that’ll gang back from his word,’ he said, in his pompous and rancous voice, and he leaned back in his chair,

and crossed his hands over his capacious black satin waistcoat, and gazed loftily on his audience. 'Wan hundred pounds—there it is, as sure as if it was in my pocket this meenit—and there it'll be when ye get fower ither members o' the congregation to pit doon their fifty pounds apiece. Not but that there's several in the church abler than me to pit doon as much; but ye ken how it is, Mr. Strang; the man makes the money, and the woman spends it; and there's mair than one family we ken o' that should come forrit on an occasion like this, but that the money rins through the fingers o' a feckless wife. What think ye, noo, o' Mrs. Nicol setting up her powny-carriage; and it's no nine years since Geordie had to make a composition? And they tell me that Mrs. Paton's lasses, when they gang doon the watter—and not for one month in the year will they let that house o' theirs at Dunoon—they tell me that the pairties and dances they have is jist extraordinar' and the wastry beyond a' things. Ay, it's them that save and scrimp and deny themselves that's expected to do everything in a case like this—notwithstanding it's a public debt—mind, it's a public debt, binding on the whole congregation; but what ah say ah'll stand to—there's wan hundred pounds ready, when there's fower ither wi' fifty pounds apiece—that's three hundred pounds—and wi' such an example before them, surely the rest o' the members will make up the remaining two hundred and fifty—surely, surely.'

'It's lending to the Lord,' said the minister's wife, sadly, as she passed the marmalade to the children.

The conversation now took the form of a discussion as to which of the members might reasonably be expected to come forward at such a juncture; and as Ronald had no part or interest in this matter he made bold to turn to Mr. Weems, who sate beside him, and engage him in talk on their own account. Indeed, he had rather taken a liking for this timorous little man, and wished to know more about him and his belongings and occupations; and when Mr. Weems revealed to him the great trouble of his life—the existence of a shrill-voiced chanticleer in the backyard of the cottage adjoining his own, out somewhere in the Pollokshaws direction—Ronald was glad to come to his help at once.

'Oh, that's all right,' said he. 'I'll shoot him for you.'

But this calm proposal was like to drive the poor little man daft with terror. His nervous system suffered cruelly from the skirling of the abominable fowl; but even that was to be dreaded less than a summons and a prosecution and a deadly feud with his

neighbour, who was a drunken, quarrelsome, cantankerous shoe-maker.

‘But, God bless me,’ Ronald said, ‘it’s not to be thought of that any human being should be tortured like that by a brute beast. Well, there’s another way o’ settling the hash o’ that screeching thing. You just go and buy a pea-shooter—or if one of the laddies will lend you a tin whistle, that will do; then go and buy twopence-worth of antibilious pills—indeed, I suppose any kind would serve—and then fire half-a-dozen over into the back-yard: my word, when the bantam gentleman has picked up these bonny-looking peas, and swallowed them, he’ll no be for flapping his wings and crowing, I’m thinking: he’ll rather be for singing the tune of “Annie Laurie.” But maybe you’re not a good shot with a pea-shooter? Well, I’ll come over and do it for you—early some morning, when the beast’s hungry.’

But it was difficult for any one to talk, even in the most subdued and modest way, with that harsh and strident voice laying down the law at the head of the table. And now the large-waistcoated elder was on the subject of the temperance movement; arraigning the government for not suppressing the liquor-traffic altogether; denouncing the callous selfishness of those who were inclined to temporise with the devil, and laying at their door all the misery caused by the drunkenness of their fellow-creatures; and proudly putting in evidence his own position in the city of Glasgow—his authority in the church—the regard paid to his advice—and the solid, substantial slice of the world’s gear that he possessed—as entirely due to the fact that he had never, not even as a young man, imbibed one drop of alcohol. Now Ronald Strang was ordinarily a most abstemious person—and no credit to him, nor to any one in the like case; for his firm physique and his way of living hitherto had equally rendered him independent of any such artificial aid (though a glass of whisky on a wet day on the hillside did not come amiss to him, and his hard head could steer him safely through a fair amount of jollification, when those wild lads came down from Tongue). But he was irritated by that loud and raucous voice; he resented the man’s arrogance and his domineering over the placid and phlegmatic Andrew, who scarcely opened his mouth; and here and there he began to put in a sharp saying or two that betokened discontent and also a coming storm. ‘They used to say that cleanliness was next to godliness; but nowadays ye would put total abstinence half a mile ahead of it,’ he would say, or something of the kind; and in due course these

two were engaged in a battle-royal of discussion. It shall not be put down here; for who was ever convinced—in morals, or art, or literature, or anything else—by an argument? it needs only be said that the elder, being rather hard pressed, took refuge in Scriptural authority. But alas! this was not of much avail; for the whole family of the East Lothian farmer (not merely the student one of them) had been brought up with exceeding care, and taught to give chapter and verse for everything; so that when Mr. McLachlan sought to crush his antagonist with the bludgeon of quotation he found it was only a battledore he had got hold of.

“Wine is a mocker; strong drink is raging; and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise,” he would say, severely.

“Wine which cheereth God and man,” the other would retort. “Wine that maketh glad the heart of man.” What make ye of these?

“Who hath woe? who hath sorrow? who hath babbling?—they that tarry long at the wine; they that go to seek mixed wine.” What better authority can we have?

‘Ay, man, the wise king said that; but it wasna his last word. “Give strong drink unto him that is ready to perish, and wine unto those that be of heavy hearts. Let him drink, and forget his poverty, and remember his misery no more.”’

‘The devil quoting Scripture for his own ends,’ the Reverend Andrew interposed, with a mild facetiousness.

‘It’s a dreadful thing to hear in a minister’s house,’ said the minister’s wife, appealing to her neighbour, Mrs. McLachlan.

‘What is? A verse from the Proverbs of Solomon?’ Ronald said, turning to her quite good-naturedly.

But instantly he saw that she was distressed, and even more lachrymose than ever; and he knew that nothing would convince her that he was not a child of wrath and of the devil; and he reproached himself for having entered into any discussion of any kind whatever in this house, where Maggie was to live—he hoped in perfect accord and amity. As for himself, he wished only to be out of it. He was not in his right element. The vulgar complacency of the rich elder irritated him; the melancholy unreason of his sister-in-law depressed him. He foresaw that not here was any abiding place for him while he sojourned in the great city.

But how was he to get away? They lingered and dawdled over their tea-drinking in a most astonishing fashion; his brother being the most intemperate of all of them, and obviously account-

ing thereby for his pallid and bilious cheeks. Moreover, they had returned to that fruitful topic of talk—the capability of this or the other member of the congregation to subscribe to the fund for paying off the debt on the church; and as this involved a discussion of everybody's ways and means, and of his expenditure, and the manner of living of himself, his wife, his sons, and daughters, and servants, the very air seemed thick with trivial and envious tittle-tattle, the women-folk, of course, being more loquacious than any.

'Lord help us,' said Ronald to himself, as he sate there in silence, 'this house would be a perfect paradise for an Income-tax Commissioner.'

However, the fourth or fifth teapot was exhausted at last; the minister offered up a prolonged thanksgiving; and Ronald thought that now he might get away, and out into the freer air. But that was not to be as yet. His brother observed that it was getting late; that all the members of the household were gathered together; and they might appropriately have family worship now. So the two servant-girls were summoned in to clear the table, and, that done, they remained; the minister brought the family Bible over from the sideboard; and all sate still and attentive, their books in their hand, while he sought out the chapter he wanted. It was the Eighth of the Epistle to the Romans; and he read it slowly and elaborately, but without any word of comment or expounding. Then he said that they would sing to the praise of the Lord the XCIII. Psalm—himself leading off with the fine old tune of *Martyrdom*; and this the young people sang very well indeed, though they were a little interfered with by the uncertain treble of the married women and the bovine baritone of the elder. Thereafter the minister offered up a prayer, in which very pointed reference was made to the brother and sister who had come from the far mountains to dwell within the gates of the city; and then all of them rose, and the maidservants withdrew, and those remaining who had to go began to get ready for their departure.

'Come over and see us soon again,' the minister said to him, as they followed him into the lobby; but the minister's wife did not repeat that friendly invitation.

'Ronald,' the little Maggie whispered—and her lips were rather tremulous, 'if you hear from Meenie, will you let me know?'

'But I am not likely to hear from her, lass,' said he, with his

hand upon her shoulder. 'You must write to her yourself, and she will answer, and send ye the news.'

'Mind ye pass the public-houses on the way gaun hame,' said the elder, by way of finishing up the evening with a joke: Ronald took no notice, but bade the others good-bye, and opened the door, and went out.

When he got into the street, his first startled impression was that the world was on fire—all the heavens, but especially the southern heavens, were one blaze of soft and smoky blood-red, into which the roofs and chimney-stacks of the dusky buildings rose solemn and dark. A pulsating crimson it was, now dying away slightly, again gleaming up with a sudden fervour; and always it looked the more strange and bewildering because of the heavy gloom of the buildings and the ineffectual lemon-yellow points of the gas-lamps. Of course he remembered instantly what this must be—the glow of the ironworks over there in the south; and presently he had turned his back on that sullen radiance, and was making away for the north side of the city.

But when he emerged from the comparative quiet of the southern thoroughfares into the glare and roar of Jamaica-street and Argyll-street, all around him there seemed even more of bewilderment than in the day-time. The unceasing din of tramway-cars and vans and carts still filled the air; but now there was everywhere a fierce yellow blaze of gaslight—glowing in the great stocked windows, streaming out across the crowded pavements, and shining on the huge gilded letters and sprawling advertisements of the shops. Then the people—a continuous surge, as of a river; the men begrimed for the most part, here and there two or three drunk and bawling, the women with cleaner faces, but most of them bareheaded, with Highland shawls wrapped round their shoulders. The suffused crimson glow of the skies was scarcely visible now; this horizontal blaze of gaslight killed it; and through the yellow glare passed the dusky phantasmagoria of a city's life—the cars and horses, the grimy crowds. Buchanan-street, it is true, was less noisy; and he walked quickly, glad to get out of that terrible din; and by and by, when he got away up to Port-Dundas Road, where his lodging was, he found the world grown quite quiet again, and gloomy and dark, save for the solitary gas-lamps and the faint dull crimson glow sent across from the southern skies.

He went up the stone stair, was admitted to the house, and shown into the apartment that his brother had secured for him.

It had formerly been used as a sitting-room, with a bedroom attached ; but now these were separated, and a bed was placed at one end of the little parlour, which was plainly and not untidily furnished. When his landlady left, he proceeded to unpack his things, getting out first his books, which he placed on the mantel-shelf to be ready for use in the morning ; then he made some further disposition of his belongings ; and then—then somehow he fell away from this industrious mood, and became more and more absent, and at last went idly to the window, and stood looking out there. There was not much to be seen—a few lights about the Caledonian-railway Station, some dusky sheds, and that faint red glow in the sky.

But—Inver-Mudal? Well, if only he had reflected, Inver-Mudal must at this moment have been just about as dark as was this railway-station and the neighbourhood surrounding it—unless, indeed, it happened to be a clear starlit night away up there in the north, with the heavens shining beautiful and benignant over Clebrig, and the loch, and the little hamlet among the trees. However, that was not the Inver-Mudal he was thinking of ; it was the Inver-Mudal of a clear spring day, with sweet winds blowing across the moors, and the sunlight yellow on Clebrig's slopes, and Loch Naver's waters all a rippling and dazzling blue. And Mr. Murray standing at the door of the inn, and smoking his pipe, and joking with any one that passed ; and the saucy Nelly casting glances among the lads ; and Harry with dark suspicions of rats wherever he could find a hole in the wall of the barn ; and Maggie, under instruction of Duncan the ploughman, driving the two horses hauling a harrow over the rough brown land ; and everywhere the birds singing ; and the young corn showing green ; and then—just as the chance might be—Meenie coming along the road, her golden-brown hair blown by the wind, her eyes about as blue as Loch Naver's shining waters, and herself calling, with laughter and scolding, to Maggie to desist from that tomboy work. And where was it all gone now? He seemed to have shut his eyes upon that beautiful, clear, joyous world ; and to have plunged into a hideous and ghastly dream. The roar and yellow glare—the black houses—the lurid crimson in the sky—the terrible loneliness and silence of this very room—well, he could not quite understand it yet. But perhaps it would not always seem so bewildering ; perhaps one might grow accustomed in time?—and teach oneself to forget? And then again he had resolved that he would not read over any more the verses he had

written in the olden days about Meenie, and the hills and the streams and the straths that knew her and loved her—for these idle rhymes made him dream dreams; that is to say, he had almost resolved—he had very nearly resolved—that he would not read over any more the verses he had written about Meenie.

CHAPTER XXVI.

GREY DAYS.

BUT, after all, that first plunge into city-life had had something of the excitement of novelty; it was the settling down thereafter to the dull monotonous round of labour, in this lonely room, with the melancholy grey world of mist surrounding him and shutting him in, that was to test the strength of his resolve. The first day was not so bad; for now and again he would relieve the slow tedium of the hours by doing a little carpentering about the room; and the sharp sound of hammer and nail served to break in upon that hushed, slumberous murmur of the great city without that seemed a mournful, distant, oppressive thing. But the next day of this solitary life (for it was not until the end of the week he was to see Mr. Weems) was dreadful. The dull, silent, grey hours would not go by. Wrestling with Ewart's 'Agricultural Assistant,' or Balfour's 'Elements of Botany,' or with distressing problems in land-surveying or timber-measuring, he would think the time had passed; and then, going to the window for a moment's relief to eye and brain, he would see by the clock of the railway-station that barely half an hour had elapsed since last he had looked at the obdurate hands. How he envied the porters, the cab-drivers, the men who were loading or unloading the wagons; they seemed all so busy and contented; they were getting through with their work; they had something to show for their labour; they had companions to talk to and joke with; sometimes he thought he could hear them laughing. And ah, how much more he envied the traveller who drove up and got leisurely out of the cab, and had his luggage carried into the station, himself following and disappearing from view! Whither was he going, then, away from this great, melancholy city, with its slow hours, and wan skies, and dull, continuous, stupefying murmur? Whither, indeed!—away by the silver links of Forth, perhaps, with the castled rock of Stirling rising into the windy blue and white;

away by the wooded banks of Allan Water and the bonny Braes of Doune ; by Strathyre, and Glenogle, and Glenorchy ; and past the towering peaks of Ben Cruachan, and out to the far-glancing waters of the western seas. Indeed it is a sore pity that Miss Carry Hodson, in a fit of temper, had crushed together and thrust into the bottom of the boat the newspaper containing an estimate of Ronald's little Highland poem ; if only she had handed it on to him, he would have learned that the sentiment of nostalgia is too slender and fallacious a thing for any sensible person to bother his head about ; and, instead of wasting his time in gazing at the front of a railway-station, he would have gone resolutely back to Strachan's 'Agricultural Tables' and the measuring and mapping of surface areas.

On the third day he grew desperate.

'In God's name let us see if there's not a bit of blue sky anywhere !' he said to himself ; and he flung his books aside, and put on his Glengarry cap, and took a stick in his hand, and went out.

Alas ! that there were no light pattering steps following him down the stone stair ; the faithful Harry had had to be left behind, under charge of Mr. Murray of the inn. And indeed Ronald found it so strange to be going out without some companion of the kind that when he passed into the wide, dull thoroughfare, he looked up and down everywhere to see if he could not find some homeless wandering cur that he could induce to go with him. But there was no sign of dog-life visible ; for the matter of that there was little sign of any other kind of life ; there was nothing before him but the wide, empty, dull-hued street, apparently terminating in a great wilderness of india-rubber works and oil-works and the like, all of them busily engaged in pouring volumes of smoke through tall chimneys into the already sufficiently murky sky.

But when he got further north, he found that there were lanes and alleys permeating this mass of public works ; and eventually he reached a canal, and crossed that, deeming that if he kept straight on he must reach the open country somewhere. As yet he could make out no distance : blocks of melancholy soot-begrimed houses, timber-yards, and blank stone walls shut in the view on every hand ; moreover there was a brisk north wind blowing that was sharply pungent with chemical fumes and also gritty with dust ; so that he pushed on quickly, anxious to get some clean air into his lungs, and anxious, if that were possible,

to get a glimpse of green fields and blue skies. For, of course, he could not always be at his books; and this, as he judged, must be the nearest way out into the country; and he could not do better than gain some knowledge of his surroundings, and perchance discover some more or less secluded sylvan retreat, where, in idle time, he might pass an hour or so with his pencil and his verses and his memories of the moors and hills.

But the further out he got, the more desolate and desolating became the scene around him. Here was neither town nor country; or rather, both were there; and both were dead. He came upon a bit of hawthorn-hedge; the stems were coal-black, the leaves begrimed out of all semblance to natural foliage. There were long straight roads, sometimes fronted by a stone wall, and sometimes by a block of buildings—dwelling-houses, apparently, but of the most squalid and dingy description; the windows opaque with dirt; the ‘closes’ foul; the pavements in front unspeakable. But the most curious thing was the lifeless aspect of this dreary neighbourhood. Where were the people? Here or there two or three ragged children would be playing in the gutter; or perhaps, in a dismal little shop, an old woman might be seen, with some half-withered apples and potatoes on the counter. But where were the people who at one time or other must have inhabited these great, gaunt, gloomy tenements? He came to a dreadful place called Saracen Cross—a very picture of desolation and misery; the tall blue-black buildings showing hardly any sign of life in their upper flats; the shops below being for the most part tenantless, the windows rudely boarded over. It seemed as if some blight had fallen over the land, first obliterating the fields, and then laying its withering hand on the houses that had been built on them. And yet these melancholy-looking buildings were not wholly uninhabited; here or there a face was visible—but always of women or children; and perhaps the men-folk were away at work somewhere in a factory. Anyhow, under this dull grey sky, with a dull grey mist in the air, and with a strange silence everywhere around, the place seemed a City of the Dead; he could not understand how human beings could live in it at all.

At last, however, he came to some open spaces that still bore some half-decipherable marks of the country; and his spirits rose a little. He even tried to sing ‘O say, will you marry me, Nelly Munro?’—to force himself into a kind of liveliness, as it were, and to prove to himself that things were not quite so bad after

all. But the words stuck in his throat. His voice sounded strangely in this silent and sickly solitude. And at last he stood stock-still, to have a look round about him, and to make out what kind of a place this was that he had entered into.

Well, it was a very strange kind of place. It seemed to have been forgotten by somebody, when all the other land near was being ploughed through by railway-lines and heaped up into embankments. Undoubtedly there were traces of the country still remaining—and even of agriculture: here and there a line of trees, stunted and nipped by the poisonous air; a straggling hedge or two, withered and black; or patch of corn, of a pallid and hopeless colour; and a meadow with cattle feeding in it. But the road that led through these bucolic solitudes was quite new and made of cinders; in the distance it seemed to lose itself in a network of railway embankments; while the background of this strange simulacrum of a landscape—so far as that could be seen through the pall of mist and smoke—seemed to consist of further houses, ironworks, and tall chimney-stacks. Anything more depressing and disconsolate he had never witnessed; nay, he had had no idea that any such God-forsaken neighbourhood existed anywhere in the world; and he thought he would much rather be back at his books than wandering through this dead and spectral land. Moreover it was beginning to rain—a thin, pertinacious drizzle that seemed to hang in the thick and clammy air; and so he struck away to the right, in the direction of some houses, guessing that there he would find some way of getting back to the city other than that ghastly one he had come by.

By the time he had reached these houses—a suburb or village this seemed to be that led in a straggling fashion up to the crest of a small hill—it was raining heavily. Now ordinarily a game-keeper in the Highlands is not only indifferent to rain, but apparently incapable of perceiving the existence of it. When was wet weather at Inver-Mudal ever known to interfere with the pursuits or occupations of anybody?—Why, the lads there would as soon have thought of taking shelter from the rain as a terrier would. But it is one thing to be walking over wet heather in knickerbocker-stockings and shoes, the water quite clean, and the exercise keeping legs and feet warm enough, and it is entirely another thing to be walking through mud made of black cinders, with clammy trousers flapping coldly round one's ankles. Nay, so miserable was all this business that he took refuge in an entry leading into one of those 'lands' of houses; and there he stood,

in the cold stone passage, with a chill wind blowing through it, looking out on the swimming pavements, and the black and muddy road, and the dull stone walls, and the mournful skies. A bare-headed ragged little boy came crouching in for shelter.

'What place is this?' he asked—he was nearly prefixing an adjective to 'place,' but regard for the innocence of youth prevented him.

'Springburn,' said the grimy-faced urchin, looking up in amazement.

'How far is it from Glasgow?'

'It's no faur.'

'Well, but how far, man?'

'I dinna ken.'

'That's the road there, I suppose?'

'Ay; ye gang by the cemetery, and in to St. Rollox.'

'Do you live here?'

'Ay.'

Ronald looked at the miserable little wretch; and tried to think what kind of an infancy this must be to drag through—in this dismal no-man's-land, with its rain, and mud, and misty skies, with never a gooseberry-bush to plunder, nor a blackbird to tame, nor a butterfly to chase along the hedgerows. He could not help thinking of his own boyhood in East Lothian—the seeking for nests in the young larch-trees, the swinging on the beechen boughs, the long day's gathering of blackberries, the fishing with bent pin and worm in the meadow pool, where the clear brown burn ran deep under the grassy bank. And the pet rabbits, and the squirrels, and starlings, and nests of young 'linties'—this poor little devil knew no more of these than he did of apple-laden orchards or of breezy heather slopes, and glens where daring and climbing could get at the ripe red berries of the rowan. What an infancy to drag through—among foundries, and factories, and railway-works, grimy stone walls everywhere, the air opaque, the skies of this monotonous melancholy hue. And as for playthings?

'What would ye buy if I gave ye a penny, my man?' Ronald asked of him.

The tatterdemalion looked up, but did not answer. Perhaps his experience in that direction was limited; more probably still he imagined that the stranger was merely chaffing him.

'There you are'—and Ronald offered him the penny. But he made no effort to take it; doubtless he surmised that 'the man' would snatch it away ere he got it: that is a familiar joke.

And then at last he made bold to take it—wondering, apparently, that ‘the man’ did not seize it again, or cuff his ears, or something of the like; and then he looked up suspiciously.

‘Is’t a guid yin?’

‘Why, of course it is. Can’t you tell a good penny from a bad one?’

The next moment he had disappeared. He had sneaked out into the rain, no doubt fearful that the stranger would rob him again of this precious thing that he held fast in his fingers. And so Ronald resumed his blank gazing out into the muddy and misty world.

At length, the rain moderating somewhat, he issued out from this shelter, and set forth for the town. A tramway-car passed him; but he had no mind to be jammed in amongst a lot of elderly women, all damp and with dripping umbrellas. Nay, he was trying to convince himself that the very discomfort of this dreary march homeward—through mud and drizzle and fog—was a wholesome thing. After that glimpse of the kind of country that lay outside the town—in this direction, at least—there would be less temptation for him to throw down his books and go off for idle strolls. He assured himself that he ought to be glad that he found no verdant meadows and purling brooks; that, on the contrary, the aspect of this suburban territory was sufficiently appalling to drive him back to his lodgings. All the same, when he did arrive there, he was somewhat disheartened and depressed; and he went up the stone staircase slowly; and when he entered that solitary, dull little room, and sate down, he felt limp, and damp, and tired—tired, after a few miles’ walk! And then he took to his books again, with his mouth set hard.

Late that night he was sitting as usual alone, and rather absently turning over his papers; and already it had come to this, that now, when he chanced to read any of these writings of his of former days, they seemed to have been written by some one else. Who was this man, then, that seemed to go through the world with a laugh and a song, as it were; rating this one, praising that; having it all his own way; and with never a thought of the morrow? But there was one piece in particular that struck home. It was a description of the little terrier; he had pencilled it on the back of an envelope one warm summer day when he was lying at full length on the heather, with Harry not half-a-dozen yards off, his nose between his paws. Harry did not know that his picture was being taken.

*Auld, grey, and grizzled ; yellow een ;
 A nose as brown's a berry ;
 A wit as sharp as ony preen—
 That's my wee chieftain Harry.*

*Lord sakes !—the courage of the man !
 The biggest barn-yard ratten,
 He'll snip him by the neck, ' o'er-han,'
 As he the deil had gatten.*

*And when his master's work on hand,
 There's none maun come anear him ;
 The biggest Duke in all Scotland,
 My Harry's teeth would fear him.*

*But ordinar' wise-like fowl or freen,
 He's harmless as a kitten ;
 As soon he'd think o' worryin'
 A hennie when she's sittin.*

*But Harry, lad, ye're growin' auld ;
 Your days are gettin fewer ;
 And maybe Heaven has made a fauld
 For such wee things as you are.*

*And what strange kintra will that be ?
 And will they fill your coggies ?
 And whatna strange folk there will see
 There's water for the doggies ?*

*Ae thing I brawly ken ; it's this—
 Ye may hae work or play there ;
 But if your master once ye miss,
 I'm bound ye winna stay there.*

It was the last verse that struck home. It was through no failure of devotion on the part of the faithful Harry that he was now at Inver-Mudal ; it was his master that had played him false and severed the old companionship. And he kept thinking about the little terrier ; and wondering whether he missed his master as much as his master missed him ; and wondering whether Meenie had ever a word for him as she went by—for she and Harry had always been great friends. Nay, perhaps Meenie might not take it ill if Maggie wrote to her for news of the little dog ; and then Meenie would answer ; and might not her letter take a wider scope, and say something about the people there, and about herself ? Surely she would do that ; and some fine morning the

answer—in Meenie's handwriting—would be delivered in Abbotsford-place; and he knew that Maggie would not be long in apprising him of the same. Perhaps, indeed, he might himself become possessed of that precious missive; and bring it away with him; and from time to time have a glance at this or that sentence of it—in Meenie's own actual handwriting—when the long dull work of the day was over, and his fancy free to fly away to the north again, to Strath-Terry, and Clebrig, and Loch Naver, and the neat small cottage with the red blinds in the windows. It seemed to him a long time now since he had left all of these; he felt as though Glasgow had engulfed him: while the day of his rescue—the day of the fulfilment of his ambitious designs—was now growing more and more distant and vague and uncertain, leaving him only the slow drudgery of these weary hours. But Meenie's letter would be a kind of talisman; to see her handwriting would be like hearing her speak; and surely this dull little lodging was quiet enough, so that in the hushed silence of the evening, he, reading those cheerful phrases, might persuade himself that it was Meenie's voice he was listening to, with the quiet, clear, soft laugh that so well he remembered.

And so these first days went by; and he hoped in time to get more accustomed to this melancholy life; and doggedly he stuck to the task he had set before him. As for the outcome of it all—well, that did not seem quite so facile nor so fine a thing as it had appeared before he came away from the north; but he left that for the future to decide; and in the meantime he was above all anxious not to perplex himself by the dreaming of idle dreams. He had come to Glasgow to work, not to build impossible castles in the air.

CHAPTER XXVII.

KATE.

AND yet it was a desperately hard ordeal; for this man was by nature essentially joyous, and sociable, and fitted to be the king of all good company; and the whole of his life had been spent in the open, in brisk and active exercise; and sunlight and fresh air were to him as the very breath of his nostrils. But here he was, day after day, week after week, chained to these dismal tasks; in solitude; with the far white dream of ambition becoming more and more distant and obscured; and with a terrible consciousness

ever growing upon him that in coming away from even the mere neighbourhood of Meenie, from the briefest companionship with her, he had sacrificed the one beautiful thing, the one precious possession, that his life had ever held for him or would hold. What though the impalpable barrier of Glengask and Orosay rose between him and her? He was no sentimental Claude Melnotte; he had common sense; he accepted facts. Of course Meenie would go away in due time. Of course she was destined for higher things. But what then? What of the meanwhile? Could anything happen to him quite so wonderful, or worth the striving for, as Meenie's smile to him as she met him in the road? What for the time being made the skies full of brightness; and made the pulses of the blood flow gladly; and the day become charged with a kind of buoyancy of life? And as for these vague ambitions for the sake of which he had bartered away his freedom and sold himself into slavery—towards what did they tend? For whom? The excited atmosphere the Americans had brought with them had departed now: alas! this other atmosphere into which he had plunged was dull and sad enough, in all conscience; and the leaden days weighed down upon him; and the slow and solitary hours would not go by.

One evening he was coming into the town by way of the Pollokshaws road; he had spent the afternoon hard at work with Mr. Weems, and was making home again to the silent little lodging in the north. He had now been a month and more in Glasgow, and had formed no kind of society or companionship whatever. Once or twice he had looked in at his brother's; but that was chiefly to see how the little Maggie was going on; his sister-in-law gave him no over-friendly welcome; and indeed the social atmosphere of the Reverend Andrew's house was far from being congenial to him. As for the letter of introduction that Meenie had given him to her married sister, of course he had not had the presumption to deliver that; he had accepted the letter, and thanked Meenie for it—for it was but another act of her always thoughtful kindness; but Mrs. Gemmill was the wife of a partner in a large warehouse; and they lived in Queen's Crescent; and altogether Ronald had no thought of calling on them—although to be sure he had heard that Mrs. Gemmill had been making sufficiently minute and even curious inquiries with regard to him of a member of his brother's congregation whom she happened to know. No; he lived his life alone; wrestling with the

weariness of it as best he might ; and not quite knowing, perhaps, how deeply it was eating into his heart.

Well, he was walking absently home on this dull grey evening, watching the lamplighter adding point after point to the long string of golden stars, when there went by a smartly-appointed dogcart. He did not particularly remark the occupants of the vehicle, though he knew they were two women, and that one of them was driving; his glance fell rather on the well-groomed cob, and he thought the varnished-oak dogcart looked neat and business-like. The next second it was pulled up; there was a pause, during which time he was of course drawing nearer; and then a woman's voice called to him—

‘Bless me, is that you, Ronald?’

He looked up in amazement. And who was this, then, who had turned her head round and was now regarding him with her laughing, handsome, bold black eyes? She was a woman apparently of five-and-thirty or so, but exceedingly well-preserved and comely; of pleasant features and fresh-complexioned; and of rather a manly build and carriage—an appearance that was not lessened by her wearing a narrow-brimmed little billycock hat. And then, even in this gathering dusk, he recognised her; and unconsciously he repeated her own words—

‘Bless me, is that you, Mrs.—Mrs.—Menzies?’ for in truth he had almost forgotten her name.

‘Mrs. This or Mrs. That!’ the other cried. ‘I thought my name was Kate—it used to be anyway. Well, I declare! Come, give us a shake of your hand—auntie, this is my cousin Ronald!—and who would hae thought of meeting you in Glasgow, now!’

‘I have been here a month and more,’ Ronald said, taking the proffered hand.

‘And never to look near me once—there’s friendliness! Eh, and what a man ye’ve grown to—ye were just a bit laddie when I saw ye last—but aye after the lasses, though—oh, aye—bless me, what changes there hae been since then!’

‘Well, Katie, it’s not you that have changed much anyway,’ said he, for he was making out again the old familiar girlish expression in the firmer features of the mature woman.

‘And what’s brought ye to Glasgow?’ said she—but then she corrected herself: ‘No, no; I’ll have no long story wi’ you standing on the pavement like that. Jump up behind, Ronald, lad, and come home wi’ us, and we’ll have a crack thegither—’

‘Katie, dear,’ said her companion, who was a little, white-

faced, cringing and fawning old woman, 'let me get down and get up behind. Your cousin must sit beside ye——'

But already Ronald had swung himself on to the after-seat of the vehicle; and Mrs. Menzies had touched the cob with her whip; and soon they were rattling away into the town.

'I suppose ye heard that my man was dead?' said she, presently, and partly turning round.

'I think I did,' he answered, rather vaguely.

'He was a good man to me, like Auld Robin Gray,' said this strapping widow, who certainly had a very matter-of-fact way in talking about her deceased husband. 'But he was never the best of managers, poor man. I've been doing better ever since. We've a better business—and not a penny of mortgage left on the tavern.'

'Weel ye may say that, Katie,' whined the old woman. 'There never was such a manager as you—never. Ay, and the splendid furniture—it was never thought o' in his time—bless'm! A good man he was, and a kind man; but no the manager you are, Katie; there's no such another tavern in a' Glesca.'

Now although the cousinship with Ronald claimed by Mrs. Menzies did not exist in actual fact—there was some kind of remote relationship, however—still, it must be confessed that it was very ungrateful and inconstant of him to have let the fate and fortunes of the pretty Kate Burnside (as she was in former days) so entirely vanish from his mind and memory. Kate Burnside was the daughter of a small farmer in the Lammermuir district; and the Strangs and Burnsides were neighbours as well as remotely related by blood. But that was not the only reason why Ronald ought to have remembered a little more about the stalwart, black-eyed, fresh-cheeked country wench whom, though she was some seven or eight years or more his senior, he had boldly chosen for his sweetheart in his juvenile days. Nay, had she not been the first inspirer of his muse; and had he not sung this ox-eyed goddess in many a laboured verse, carefully constructed after the manner of Tannahill or Motherwell or Allan Cunningham? The 'lass of Lammer Law' he called her in these artless strains; and Kate was far from resenting this frank devotion; nay, she even treasured up the verses in which her radiant beauties were enumerated, for why should not a comely East Lothian wench take pleasure in being told that her cheeks outshone the rose, and that the 'darts o' her bonnie black een' had slain their thousands, and that her faithful lover would come to

see her, ay, though the Himalayas barred his way? But then alas!—as happens in the world—the faithful lover was sent off into far neighbourhoods to learn the art and mystery of training pointers and setters; and Kate's father died, and the family dispersed from the farm; Kate went into service in Glasgow, and there she managed to capture the affections of an obese and elderly publican whom—she being a prudent and sensible kind of a creature—she forthwith married; by-and-by, through partaking too freely of his own wares, he considerably died, leaving her in sole possession of the tavern (he had called it a public-house, but she soon changed all that, and the place, too, when she was established as its mistress); and now she was a handsome, buxom, firm-nerved woman, who could, and did, look well after her own affairs; who had a flourishing business, a comfortable bank-account, and a sufficiency of friends of her own way of thinking; and whose raven-black hair did not as yet show a single streak of grey. It was all this latter part of Kate Burnside's—or rather, Mrs. Menzies'—career of which Ronald was so shamefully ignorant; but she speedily gave him enough information about herself as they drove through the gas-lit streets, for she was a voluble, high-spirited woman, who could make herself heard when she chose.

'Ay,' said she at length, 'and where have ye left the good-wife, Ronald?'

'What good-wife?' said he.

'Ye dinna tell me that you're no married yet?'

'Not that I know of,' said he.

'What have ye been about, man? Ye were aye daft about the lasses; and ye no married yet? What have ye been about, man, to let them a' escape ye?'

'Some folk have other things to think of,' said he, evasively.

'Dinna tell me,' she retorted. 'I ken weel what's uppermost in the mind o' a handsome lad like you. Weel, if ye're no married, ye're the next door to it, I'll be bound. What's she like?'

'I'll tell ye when I find her,' said he, drily.

'Ye're a dark one; but I'll find ye out, my man.'

She could not continue the conversation; for they were about to cross the bridge over the Clyde, and the congested traffic made her careful. And then again Jamaica-street was crowded and difficult to steer through; but presently she left that for a quieter thoroughfare leading off to the right; and in a few moments she

had pulled up in front of a large tavern, close by a spacious archway.

'Auntie, gang you and fetch Alec to take the cob round, will ye?' said she; and then Ronald, surmising that she had now reached home, leaped to the ground, and went to the horse's head. Presently the groom appeared, and Kate Menzies descended from her chariot.

Now in Glasgow, for an establishment of this kind to be popular, it must have a side entrance—the more the merrier, indeed—by which people can get into the tavern without being seen; but besides this it soon appeared that Mrs. Menzies had a private right of way of her own. She bade Ronald follow her; she went through the archway; produced a key and opened a door; and then, passing along a short lobby, he found himself in what might be regarded as the back-parlour of the public-house, but was in reality a private room reserved by Mrs. Menzies for herself and her intimate friends. And a very brilliant little apartment it was; handsomely furnished and shining with stained wood, plate glass, and velvet; the gas-jets all aglow in the clear globes; the table in the middle, laid with a white cloth for supper, all sparkling with crystal and polished electro-plate. Moreover (for business is business) this luxurious little den commanded at will complete views of the front premises; and there was also a door leading thither; but the door was shut, and the red blinds were drawn over the two windows, so that the room looked quite like one in a private dwelling.

'And now, my good woman,' said Mrs. Menzies, as she threw her hat and cloak and dogskin gloves into a corner, 'just you mak them hurry up wi' supper; for we're just home in time; and we'll want another place at the table. And tell Jeannie there's a great friend o' mine come in, if she can get anything special—Lord's sake, Ronald, if I had kent I was going to fall in with you, I would have looked after it mysel'.'

'Ye need not bother about me,' said he, 'for supper is not much in my way—not since I came to the town. Without the country air, I think one would as lief not sit down to a table at all.'

'Oh, I can cure ye o' that complaint,' she said, confidently; and she rang the bell.

Instantly the door was opened, and he caught a glimpse of a vast palatial-looking place, with more stained wood, and plate-glass, and velvet, and with several smartly-dressed young ladies

standing or moving behind the long mahogany counters; moreover, one of these—a tall and serious-eyed maiden—now stood at the partly-opened door.

‘Gin and bitters, Mary,’ said Mrs. Menzies, briskly—she was at this moment standing in front of one of the mirrors, complacently smoothing her hair with her hands, and setting to rights her mannish little neck-tie.

The serious-eyed handmaiden presently reappeared, bringing a small salver, on which was a glass filled with some kind of a fluid, which she presented to him.

‘What’s this?’ said he, appealing to his hostess.

‘Drink it and find out,’ said she; ‘it’ll make ye jump wi’ hunger, as the Hiellanman said.’

He did as he was bid; and loudly she laughed at the wry face that he made.

‘What’s the matter?’

‘It’s a devil of a kind of thing, that,’ said he; for it was a first experience.

‘Ay, but wait till ye find how hungry it will make ye,’ she answered; and then she returned from the mirror. ‘And I’m sure ye’ll no mind my hair being a wee thing camstrairy, Ronald; there’s no need for ceremony between auld freens, as the saying is——’

‘But, look here, Katie, my lass,’ said he—for perhaps he was a little emboldened by that fiery fluid, ‘I’m thinking that maybe I’m making myself just a little too much at home. Now, some other time, when ye’ve no company, I’ll come in and see ye——’

But she cut him short at once, and with some pride.

‘Indeed, I’ll tell ye this, that the day that Ronald Strang comes into my house—and into my own house too—that’s no the day that he’s gaun out o’t without eating and drinking. Ma certes, no! And as for company, why there’s none but auld Mother Paterson—I ca’ her auntie; but she’s no more my auntie than you are—ye see, my man, Ronald, a poor, unprotected helpless widow-woman maun look after appearances—for the world’s unco given to leein’, as Shakespeare says. There, Ronald, that’s another thing,’ she added suddenly—‘ye’ll take me to the theatre!—my word, we’ll have a box!’

But these gay visions were interrupted by the reappearance of Mrs. Paterson, who was followed by a maidservant bearing a dish on which was a large sole, smoking hot. Indeed, it soon became apparent that this was to be a very elaborate banquet,

such as Ronald was not at all familiar with; and all the care and flattering attention his hostess could pay him she paid him, laughing and joking with him, and insisting on his having the very best of everything, and eager to hand things to him—even if she rather ostentatiously displayed her abundant rings in doing so. And when Mother Paterson said

‘What will ye drink, Katie dear? Some ale—or some porter?’

—the other stormily answered—

‘Get out, ye daft auld wife! Ale or porter the first day that my cousin Ronald comes into my own house? Champagne’s the word, woman; and the best! What will ye have, Ronald—what brand do ye like?—Moett and Shandon?’

Ronald laughed.

‘What do I know about such things?’ said he. ‘And besides, there’s no reason for such extravagance. There’s been no stag killed the day.’

‘There’s been no stag killed the day,’ she retorted, ‘but Ronald Strang’s come into my house, and he’ll have the best that’s in it, or my name’s no Kate Burnside—or Kate Menzies, I should say, God forgie me! Ring the bell, auntie.’

This time the grave-eyed barmaid appeared.

‘A bottle of Moett and Shandon, Mary.’

‘A pint bottle, m’m?’

‘A pint bottle—ye stupid idiot?’ she said (but quite good-naturedly). ‘A quart bottle, of course!’

And then, when the bottle was brought and the glasses filled, she said—

‘Here’s your health, Ronald; and right glad am I to see you looking so weel—ye were aye a bonnie laddie, and ye’ve kept the promise o’t—aye, indeed, the whole o’ you Strangs were a handsome family—except your brother Andrew, maybe—’

‘Do ye ever see Andrew?’ Ronald said; for a modest man does not like to have his looks discussed, even in the most flattering way.

Then loudly laughed Kate Menzies.

‘Me? Me gang and see the Reverend Andrew Strang? No fears! He’s no one o’ my kind. He’d drive me out o’ the house wi’ bell, book, and candle. I hae my ain friends, thank ye—and I’m going to number you amongst them, so long as ye stop in this town. Auntie, pass the bottle to Ronald!’

And so the banquet proceeded—a roast fowl and bacon, an

apple-tart, cheese and biscuits and what not following in due succession; and all the time she was learning more and more of the life that Ronald had led since he had left the Lothians, and freely she gave him of her confidences in return. On one point she was curiously inquisitive, and that was as to whether he had not been in some entanglement with one or other of the Highland lasses up there in Sutherlandshire; and there was a considerable amount of joking on that subject, which Ronald bore good-naturedly enough; finding it on the whole the easier way to let her surmises have free course.

‘But ye’re a dark one!’ she said at length. ‘And ye would hae me believe that a strapping fellow like you hasna had the lasses rinnin after him? I’m no sae daft.’

‘I’ll tell ye what it is, Katie,’ he retorted, ‘the lasses in the Highlands have their work to look after; they dinna live a’ in clover, like the Glasgow dames.’

‘Dinna tell me—dinna tell me,’ she said.

And now, as supper was over and the table cleared, she went to a small mahogany cabinet and opened it.

‘I keep some cigars here for my particular friends,’ said Mrs. Menzies, ‘but I’m sure I dinna ken which is the best. Come and pick for yourself, Ronald, lad: if you’re no certain, the best plan is to take the biggest.’

‘This is surely living on the fat of the land, Katie,’ he protested.

‘And what for no?’ said she, boldly. ‘Let them enjoy themselves that’s earned the right to it.’

‘But that’s not me,’ he said.

‘Well, it’s me,’ she answered. ‘And when my cousin Ronald comes into my house, it’s the best that’s in it that’s at his service—and no great wonder either!’

Well, her hospitality was certainly a little stormy; but the handsome widow meant kindly and well; and it is scarcely to be marvelled at if—under the soothing influences of the fragrant tobacco—he was rather inclined to substitute for this brisk and business-like Kate Menzies of these present days the gentler figure of the Kate Burnside of earlier years, more especially as she had taken to talking of those times, and of all the escapades the young lads and lasses used to enjoy on Hallowe’en-night or during the first-footing at Hogmanay.

‘And now I mind me, Ronald,’ she said, ‘ye used to be a fine singer when ye were a lad. Do ye keep it up still?’

‘I sometimes try,’ he answered. ‘But there’s no been much occasion since I came to this town. It’s a lonely kind o’ place, for a’ the number o’ folk in it.’

‘Well, now ye’re among friends, give us something!’

‘Oh, that I will, if ye like,’ said he, readily; and he laid aside his cigar.

And then he sang—moderating his voice somewhat, so that he should not be heard in the front premises—a verse or two of an old favourite—

*‘The sun rase sae rosy, the gray hills adorning,
Light sprang the laverock, and mounted sae high,’*

and if his voice was quiet, still the clear, penetrating quality of it was there; and when he had finished, Kate Menzies said to him—after a second of irresolution—

‘Ye couldna sing like that when ye were a lad, Ronald. It’s maist like to gar a body greet.’

But he would not sing any more that night; he guessed that she must have her business-affairs to attend to; and he was resolved upon going, in spite of all her importunacy. However, as a condition, she got him to promise to come and see her on the following evening. It was Saturday night; several of her friends were in the habit of dropping in on that night; finally, she pressed her entreaty so that he could not well refuse; and, having promised, he left.

And no doubt, as he went home through the great, noisy, lonely city, he felt warmed and cheered by this measure of human companionship that had befallen him. As for Kate Menzies, it would have been a poor return for her excessive kindness if he had stopped to ask himself whether her robust *camaraderie* did not annoy him a little. He had had plenty of opportunities of becoming acquainted with the manners and speech and ways of refined and educated women; indeed, there are few gamekeepers in the Highlands who have not at one time or another enjoyed that privilege. Noble and gracious ladies, who, in the south, would as soon think of talking to a doormat as of entering into any kind of general conversation with their butler or coachman, will fall quite naturally into the habit—when they are living away in the seclusion of a Highland glen with the shooting-party at the lodge—of stopping to have a chat with Duncan or Hector the gamekeeper when they chance to meet him coming along the road with his dogs; and, what is more, they find him worth the

talking to. Then, again, had not Ronald been an almost daily spectator of Miss Douglas's sweet and winning manners—and that continued through years; and had not the young American lady, during the briefer period she was in the north, made quite a companion of him, in her frank and brave fashion? He had almost to confess to himself that there was just a little too much of Mrs. Menzies' tempestuous good-nature; and then again he refused to confess anything of the kind, and quarrelled with himself for being so ungrateful. Why, the first bit of real, heart-felt friendliness that had been shown him since he came to this great city; and he was to examine it, and be doubtful, and wish that the keeper of a tavern should be a little more refined!

'Ronald, lad,' he was saying to himself, when he reached his lodging in the dusky Port-Dundas Road, 'it's over-fed stomachs that wax proud. You'll be better-minded if you keep to your books and plainer living.'

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A SOCIAL EVENING.

LOOKING forward to this further festivity, he worked hard at his studies all day; and it was not until nearly nine o'clock in the evening that he went away down through the roaring streets to keep his engagement with Kate Menzies. And very snug and comfortable indeed did the little parlour look, with its clear glass globes, and warmly-cushioned seats, and brilliant mirrors and polished wood. Kate herself (who was quite resplendent in purple velvet and silver necklace and bangles) was reading a sporting newspaper; old Mother Paterson was sewing; there were cigar-boxes on the table.

'And what d'ye mean,' cried the handsome widow, gaily, when he made his appearance, 'by coming at this hour? Did not I tell ye we would expect ye to supper?'

'Would ye have me eat you out o' house and home, woman?' he said. 'Besides, I had some work to get through.'

'Well, sit down and make yerself happy; better late than never; there's the cigars——'

'I would as lief smoke a pipe, Katie, if ye don't object—only that I'm shamed to smoke in a fine place like this——'

'What is't for, man? Do ye think I got it up for an exhibi-

tion—to be put in a glass case? And what'll ye drink now, Ronald—some Moet and Shandon?’

‘Indeed, no,’ said he. ‘If I may light my pipe I want nothing else.’

‘But I canna bear an empty table,’ said she. ‘Here, auntie, get your flounces and falderals out o’ the road—bless us, woman, ye make the place look like a milliner’s shop! And bring out the punch-bowl frae the chiffoneer—I want ye to see it, Ronald, for it was gien to my gudeman by an auld freend o’ his in Ayr, that got it from the last of the lairds o’ Garthlie. And if one or twa o’ them happen to come in to-night we’ll try a brew—for there’s naething so wholesome, after a’, as the wine o’ the country, and I can gie ye some o’ the real stuff. Will ye no try a drop the noo?’

‘No, thank ye, no, thank ye,’ said he, for he had lit his pipe, and was well content.

‘Well, well, we’ll have one o’ the lasses in, to set the tumblers and the glasses, for I canna thole to see a bare table; and in the meantime, Ronald, you and me can hae a crack by oursels, and ye can tell me what ye mean to do when ye get your certificate——’

‘If I get it, ye mean, lass.’

‘No fears,’ she said, confidently; ‘ye were aye one o’ the clever ones; I’ll warrant ye there’s na skim-milk in your head where the brains should be. But I want to ken what ye’re ettling at after you’ve got the certificate, and what’s your plans, and the like; for I’ve been thinking about it; and if there was any kind o’ a starting needed—the loan of a bit something in the way of a nest-egg, ye see—weel, I ken a place where ye might get that, and ye wouldna have to whistle long at the yett, either.’

Now there was no mistaking the generosity of this offer, however darkly it might be veiled by Kate Menzies’ figurative manner of speech; and it was with none the less gratitude that he answered her and explained that a head-forester traded with the capital of his employer, though, to be sure, he might on entering a new situation have to find sureties for him.

‘Is it caution-money ye mean, Ronald?’ she said, frankly.

‘Well, if a man had no one to speak for him—no one whose word they would take,’ he said to her (though all this was guess-work on his part), ‘they might ask him for security. There would be no payment of money, of course, unless he robbed his employer; and then the sureties would have to make that good as far as they had undertaken. But it’s a long way off yet, Katie, and hardly worth speaking about. I dare say Lord Ailine would say a word for me.’

'And is that a'?' she said, with a laugh. 'Is that a' the money's wanted for—to guarantee the honesty o' one o' the Strangs o' Whittermains? Weel, I'm no a rich woman, Ronald—for my money's maistly sunk in the tavern—and doing weel enough there too—but if it's a surety ye want, for three hunder pounds, ay, or five hunder pounds, just you come to me, and the deil's in't if we canna manage it somehow.'

'I thank ye for the offer anyway; I'm sure you mean it,' said he.

'That lawyer o' mine,' she continued, 'is a dour chiel; he'll no let me do this; and he's grumbling at that; and a poor widow-woman is supposed to hae nae soul o' her ain. I'm sure the fuss that he makes about that cob—and only fifty-five guineas—and come o' the best Clydesdale stock——'

'But it was no the expense, it was no the expense, Katie dear,' whined the old woman, 'it was the risk to your life frae sae high-mettled a beast. Just think o't, at your time o' life, wi' a grand business, and yoursel' the manager o' it, and wi' sae mony freends, think what it would be if ye broke your neck——'

'Broke your grandmother's fiddlestrings!' said she. 'The beast's as quiet's a lamb. But that auld man, Peter Gunn. I suppose he's a good lawyer—indeed, every one says that—but he's as pernickety as an auld woman; and he'd mak ye think the world was made o' silk paper, and ye daurna stir a step for fear o' fa'in through. But you just give me the word, Ronald, when the security's wanted; and we'll see if auld Peter can hinder me frae doing what I ought to do for one o' my own kith and kin.'

They were thus talking when there came a knock at the outer door; then there was a clamour of voices in the little lobby; and presently there were ushered into the room three visitors, who were forthwith introduced to Ronald, with a few words of facetious playfulness from the widow. There was first a Mr. Jaap, a little old man with Jewish features, bald on the top of his head, but with long-flowing grey hair behind; a mild-looking old man, but with merry eyes nevertheless—and indeed all of them seemed to have been joking as they came in. Then there was a Mr. Laidlaw, a younger man, of middle height, and of a horsey type; stupid-looking, rather, but not ill-natured. The third was Captain McTaggart, a large heavy man, with a vast, radiant, Bardolphian face, whose small, shrewd, twinkling blue eyes had the expression rather of a Clyde skipper given to rough jesting and steady rum-drinking (and he was all that) than of the high-souled, child-hearted sailor of romance.

'Sit ye down, sit ye down,' their hostess said, gaily. 'Here, captain, is a job for ye; here's the punch-bowl that we only have on great days, ye ken; and your brew is famous—whether wi' old Jamaica or Long John. Set to work now—here's the sugar and the lemons ready for ye—for ye maun a' drink the health o' my cousin here that's come frae Sutherland.'

'Frae Sutherland, say ye, Mistress?' the big skipper said, as he reached over for the lemons. 'Ye should ca' him your kissin frae the Hielans, then. Do ye ken that story, Laidlaw? D'ye ken that yin about the Hielan kissins, Jaap? Man, that's a gude yin! have ye no heard it? Have ye no heard it, Mistress?'

'Tell us what it is first, and we'll tell you afterwards,' said she, saucily.

'Weel, then,' said he—and he desisted from his preparations for the punch-making, for he was famous along the Broomielaw as a story-teller, and liked to keep up his reputation, 'it was twa young lasses, twa cousins they were, frae the west side o' Skye—and if there's ony place mair Hielan than that, it's no me that ever heard o't—and they were ta'en into service in an inn up about the Gairloch or Loch Inver, or one o' they lochs. Both o' them were good-looking lasses, mind ye: but one o' them just unusual handsome. Well, then, there happened to come to the inn an English tourist—a most respectable old gentleman he was; and it was one o' they two lasses—and no the brawest o' them either—that had to wait on him; but he was a freendly auld man; and on the mornin' o' his gaun away, he had to ring for something or other, and when she brought it to him, he said to her, jist by way o' compliment, ye ken, "You are a very good-looking girl, do you know, Flora?" And of course the lass was very well pleased; but she was a modest lassie too; and she said, "Oh, no, sir; but I hef heard them say my kissin was peautiful!" "Your what?" said he. "My kissin, sir." "Get away, you bold hussy! Off with you at once, or I'll ring for your master—you brazen baggage!"—and to this very day, they tell me, the poor lass doesna ken what on earth it was that made the auld man into a madman; for what harm had she done in telling him that her cousin was better-looking than herself?'

This recondite joke was received with much laughter by the company; and even Ronald had to admit that the Clyde skipper's imitation of the Highland accent was very fairly well done. But joke-making is dull work with empty glasses; and so Captain McTaggart set himself seriously to the business of brewing that

bowl of punch, while Kate Menzies polished the silver ladle to an even higher extreme of brilliancy.

Now these three old cronies of the widow's had betrayed a little surprise on finding a stranger installed in their favourite howf; and perhaps they might have been inclined to resent the intrusion had not Kate Menzies very speedily intimated her views upon the subject in unmistakable language. Her 'cousin Ronald' was all her cry; it was Ronald this and Ronald that; and whatever Ronald said, that was enough, and decisive. For, of course, after a glass or so of punch, the new-comers had got to talking politics—or what they took to be politics; and Ronald, when he was invited to express his opinion, proved to be on the unpopular side; nor did he improve his position by talking with open scorn of a great public agitation then going on—indeed, he so far forgot himself as to define stump-oratory as only another form of foot-and-mouth disease. But at least he had one strenuous backer; and neither Mr. Laidlaw, nor Mr. Jaap, nor the big skipper was anxious to quarrel with a controversialist who had such abundant stores of hospitality at her command. Moreover, Kate Menzies was in the habit of speaking her mind; was it not better, for the sake of peace and quietness, to yield a little? This cousin of hers from the Highlands could parade some book-learning, it is true; and he had plenty of cut-and-dried theories that sounded plausible enough; and his apparent knowledge of the working of American institutions was sufficiently good for an argument—so long as one could not get at the real facts: but they knew, of course, that, with time to get at these facts and to furnish forth replies to his specious reasonings, they could easily prove their own case. In the meantime they would be magnanimous. For the sake of good fellowship—and to oblige a lady—they shifted the subject.

Or rather, she did.

'I suppose you'll be going to the Harmony Club to-night?' she said.

'For a while, at least,' replied the captain. 'Mr. Jaap's new song is to be sung the nicht; and we maun get him an encore for't. Not that it needs *us*; "Caledonia's hills and dales" will be a' ower Glasgow before a fortnight's out; and it's young Tam Dalswinton that's to sing it. Tam'll do his best, no fear.'

'It's little ye think,' observed Mrs. Menzies, with a kind of superior air, 'that there's somebody not a hundred miles frae here that can sing better than a' your members and a' your professionals

put thegither. The Harmony Club! If the Harmony Club heard *him*, they might tak tent and learn a lesson.'

'Ay, and wha's he when he's at hame, Mistress?' Captain McTaggart said.

'He's not fifty miles away frae here anyway,' she said. 'And if I was to tell ye that he's sitting not three yards away frae ye at this meenit?'

'Katie, woman, are ye daft?' Ronald said, and he laughed, but his forehead grew red all the same.

'No, I'm no,' she answered, confidently. 'I ken what I'm saying as weel as most folk. Oh, I've heard some o' the best o' them—no at the Harmony Club, for they're too high and mighty to let women-bodies in—but at the City Hall concerts and in the theatres; and I've got a good enough ear, too; I ken what's what; and I ken if my cousin Ronald were to stand up at the Saturday Evening Concerts, and sing the song he sung in this very room last night, I tell ye he would take the shine out o' some o' them!'

'He micht gie us a screed now,' Mr. Laidlaw suggested—his somewhat lack-lustre eyes going from his hostess to Ronald.

'Faith, no!' Ronald said, laughing, 'there's been ower great a flourish beforehand. The fact is, Mrs. Menzies here——'

'I thought I telled ye my name was Kate?' she said, sharply.

'Kate, Cat, or Kitten, then, as ye like, woman, what I mean to say is that ower long a grace makes the porridge cold. Some other time—some other time, lass.'

'Ay, and look here, Mr. Jaap,' continued the widow, who was determined that her cousin's superior qualifications should not be hidden, 'ye are aye complaining that ye canna get anything but trash to set your tunes to. Well, here's my cousin; I dinna ken if he still keeps at the trade; but as a laddie he could just write ye anything ye liked right aff the reel, and as good as Burns, or better. There's your chance now. Everybody says your music's jist splendid—and the choruses taken up in a meenit—but you just ask Ronald there to gie ye something worth while making a song o'.'

Now not only did the old man express his curiosity to see some of Ronald's work in this way, and also the gratification it would give him to set one of his songs to music, but Ronald was likewise well pleased with the proposal. His own efforts in

adapting tunes to his verses he knew were very amateurish ; and would it not be a new sensation—a little pride commingled with the satisfaction perhaps—to have one of his songs presented with an original air all to itself, and perhaps put to the test of being sung before some more or less skilled audience? He knew he had dozens to choose from ; some of them patriotic, others convivial, others humorous in a kind of way : from any of these the musician was welcome to select as he liked. The love-songs about Meenie were a class apart.

And now that they had got away from the thrashed-out straw of politics to more congenial themes, these three curiously-assorted boon-companions proved to be extremely pleasant and good-natured fellows ; and when, at length, they said it was time for them to be off to the musical Club, they cordially invited Ronald to accompany them. He was nothing loth, for he was curious to see the place ; and if Mrs. Menzies grumbled a little at being left alone she consoled herself by hinting that her *protégé* could teach them a lesson if he chose to do so.

‘When ye’ve listened for a while to their squalling, Ronald, my man, jist you get up and show them how an East Lothian lad can do the trick.’

‘What’s that, Mistress? I thought ye said your cousin was frae the Hielans,’ the skipper broke in.

‘Frae the Hielans? Frae East Lothian, I tell ye ; where I come frae mysel’; and where ye’ll find the brawest lads and lasses in the breadth o’ Scotland,’ she added, saucily.

‘And they dinna stay a’ at hame either,’ remarked the big skipper, with much gallantry, as the visitors prepared to leave.

They went away through the noisy, crowded, glaring streets, and at length entered a spacious dark courtyard, at the head of which was a small and narrow entrance. The skipper led the way ; but as they passed up the staircase they became aware of a noise of music overhead ; and when they reached the landing, they had to pause there, so as not to interrupt the proceedings within. It was abundantly clear what these were. A man’s voice was singing ‘Green grow the rushes, O’ to a smart and lively accompaniment on the piano ; while at the end of each verse joined in a sufficiently enthusiastic chorus :

‘Green grow the rushes, O,
Green grow the rushes, O,
The sweetest hours that e’er I spent
Were spent among the lasses, O.’

and that was repeated :

*'Green grow the rushes, O,
Green grow the rushes, O,
The sweetest hours that e'er I spent
Were spent among the lasses, O.'*

Then there was silence. The skipper now opened the door ; and, as they entered, Ronald found himself near the head of a long and loftily-ceilinged apartment, the atmosphere of which was of a pale blue cast, through the presence of much tobacco-smoke. All down this long room were twin rows of small tables, at which little groups of friends or acquaintances sate—respectable-looking men they seemed, many of them young fellows, more of them of middle age, and nearly all of them furnished with drinks and pipes, or cigars. At the head of the room was a platform, not raised more than a foot from the floor, with a piano at one end of it ; and in front of the platform was a special semicircular table, presided over by a bland rubicund gentleman, to whom Ronald was forthwith introduced. Indeed, the new-comers were fortunate enough to find seats at this semicircular table ; and when beverages were called for, and pipes lit, they waited for the further continuance of the proceedings.

These were of an entirely simple and ingenuous character, and had no taint whatsoever of the ghastly make-believe of wit, the mean swagger, and facetious innuendo of the London music-hall. Now a member of the Club, when loudly called upon by the general voice, would step up to the platform and sing some familiar Scotch ballad ; and again one of the professional singers in attendance (they did not appear in swallowtail and white tie, by the way, but in soberer attire) would 'oblige' with something more ambitious ; but throughout there was a prevailing tendency towards compositions with a chorus ; and the chorus grew more universal and more enthusiastic as the evening proceeded. Then occasionally between the performances there occurred a considerable interval, during which the members of the Club would make brief visits to the other tables ; and in this way Ronald made the acquaintance of a good number of those moderately convivial souls. For, if there was a tolerable amount of treating, and its corresponding challenges, there was no drunkenness apparent anywhere ; there was some loud talking ; and Captain McTaggart was unduly anxious that everybody should come and sit at the President's table ; but the greatest hilarity did not exceed bounds.

It was to be observed, however, that, as the evening drew on, it was the extremely sentimental songs that were the chief favourites—those that mourned the bygone days of boyhood and youth, or told of the premature decease of some beloved Annie or Mary.

Ronald was once or twice pressed to sing; but he good-naturedly refused.

‘Some other time, if I may have the chance, I will try to screw up my courage,’ he said. ‘And by that time ye’ll have forgotten what Mrs. Menzies said—the East Lothian folk are wonderful for praising their own kith and kin.’

As to letting old Mr. Jaap have a song or two to set to music, that was another and simpler matter; and he promised to hunt out one or two of them. In truth, it would not be difficult, as he himself perceived, to find something a little better than the ‘Caledonia’s hills and dales’ which was sung that night, and which was of a very familiar pattern indeed. And Ronald looked forward with not a little natural satisfaction to the possibility of one of his songs being sung in that resounding hall; a poet must have his audience somewhere; and this, at least, was more extensive than a handful of farm lads and lasses collected together in the barn at Inver-Mudal.

At about half-past eleven the entire company broke up and dispersed; and Ronald, after thanking his three companions very heartily for their hospitality during the evening, set off for his lodgings in the north of the city. He was quite enlivened and inspirited by this unusual whirl of gaiety; it had come into his sombre and lonely life as a startling surprise. The rattle of the piano—the resounding choruses—the eager talk of these boon-companions—all this was of an exciting nature; and as he walked away through the now darkened thoroughfares, he began to wonder whether he could not write some lilting verses in the old haphazard way. He had not even tried such a thing since he came to Glasgow; the measurement of surface areas and the classification of Dicotyledones did not lead him in that direction. But on such a gala-night as this, surely he might string some lines together—about Glasgow lads and lasses, and good-fellowship, and the delights of a roaring town? It would be an experiment, in any case.

Well, when he had got home, and lit the gas, and sate down to the jingling task, it was not so difficult, after all. But there was an under-note running through these verses that he had not contemplated when he set out. When the first glow of getting

them together was over, he looked down the page; and then he put it away; in no circumstances could this kind of song find its way into the Harmony Club; and yet he was not altogether disappointed that it was so.

*O Glasgow lasses are fair enough,
And Glasgow lads are merry;
But I would be with my own dear maid,
A-wandering down Strath-Terry.*

*And she would be singing her morning song,
The song that the larks have taught her;
A song of the northern seas and hills,
And a song of Mudal Water.*

*The bands go thundering through the streets,
The fifes and drums together;
Far rather I'd hear the grouse-cock crow
Among the purple heather;*

*And I would be on Ben Clebrig's brow,
To watch the red-deer stealing
In single file adown the glen
And past the summer shieling.*

*O Glasgow lasses are fair enough,
And Glasgow lads are merry;
But ah, for the voice of my own dear maid
A-singing adown Strath-Terry!*

(To be continued.)

The First Potter.

COLLECTIVE humanity owes a great debt of gratitude to the first potter. Before his days the art of boiling, though in one sense very simple and primitive indeed, was in another sense very complex, cumbersome, and lengthy. The unsophisticated savage, having duly speared and killed his antelope, proceeded to light a roaring fire, with flint or drill, by the side of some convenient lake or river in his tropical jungle. Then he dug a big hole in the soft mud close to the water's edge, and let the water (rather muddy) percolate into it, or sometimes even he plastered over its bottom with puddled clay. After that he heated some smooth round stones red hot in the fire close by, and drawing them out gingerly between two pieces of stick, dropped them one by one, spluttering and fizzing, into his improvised basin or kettle. This, of course, made the water in the hole boil; and the unsophisticated savage thereupon thrust into it his joint of antelope, repeating the process over and over again until the sodden meat was completely seethed to taste on the outside. If one application was not sufficient, he gnawed off the cooked meat from the surface with his stout teeth, innocent as yet of the dentist's art, and plunged the underdone core back again, till it exactly suited his not over-delicate or dainty fancy.

To be sure, the primitive savage, unversed as he was in pastes and glazes, in moulds and ornaments, did not pass his life entirely devoid of cups and platters. Coconut-shell and calabash rind, horn of ox and skull of enemy, bamboo-joint and capacious rhomb-shell, all alike, no doubt, supplied him with congenial implements for drink or storage. Like Eve in the Miltonic Paradise, there lacked him not fit vessels pure: picking some luscious tropical fruit, the savoury pulp he chewed, and in the rind still as he thirsted scooped the brimming stream. This was satisfactory as far as it went, of course, but it was not pottery. He couldn't boil his joint for dinner in coconut or skull; he had to do it with stone pot-boilers, in a rude kettle of puddled clay.

But at last one day, that inspired barbarian, the first potter,

hit by accident upon his grand discovery. He had carried some water in a big calabash—the hard shell of a tropical fruit whose pulpy centre can be easily scooped out—and a happy thought suddenly struck him: why not put the calabash to boil upon the fire with a little clay smeared outside it? The savage is conservative, but he loves to save trouble. He tried the experiment, and it succeeded admirably. The water boiled, and the calabash was not burnt or broken. Our nameless philosopher took the primitive vessel off the fire with a forked branch and looked at it critically with the delighted eyes of a first inventor. A wonderful change had suddenly come over it. He had blundered accidentally upon the art of pottery. For what is this that has happened to the clay? It went in soft, brown, and muddy; it has come out hard, red, and stonelike. The first potter ruminated and wondered. He didn't fully realise, no doubt, what he had actually done; but he knew he had invented a means by which you could put a calabash upon a fire and keep it there without burning or bursting. That, after all, was at least something.

All this, you say (which, in effect, is Dr. Tylor's view), is purely hypothetical. In one sense, yes; but not in another. We know that most savage races still use natural vessels, made of coconuts, gourds, or calabashes, for everyday purposes of carrying water; and we also know that all the simplest and earliest pottery is moulded on the shape of just such natural jars and bottles. The fact and the theory based on it are no novelties. Early in the sixteenth century, indeed, the *Sieur Gonneville*, skipper of *Honfleur*, sailing round the Cape of Good Hope, made his way right across the Southern Ocean to some vague point of South America, where he found the people still just in the intermediate stage between the use of natural vessels and the invention of pottery. For these amiable savages (name and habitat unknown) had wooden pots 'plastered with a kind of clay, a good finger thick, which prevents the fire from burning them.' Here we catch industrial evolution in the very act, and the potter's art in its first infancy, fossilised and crystallised, as it were, in an embryo condition, and fixed for us immovably by the unprogressive conservatism of a savage tribe. It was this curious early observation of evolving ceramic art that made Goguet—an anthropologist born out of due season—first hit upon that luminous theory of the origin of pottery now all but universally accepted.

Plenty of evidence to the same effect is now forthcoming for the modern inquirer. Among the ancient monuments of the

Mississippi valley, Squier and Davis found the kilns in which the primitive pottery had been baked; and among their relics were partially burnt pots retaining in part the rinds of the gourds or calabashes on which they had been actually modelled. Along the Gulf of Mexico gourds were also used to give shape to the pot; and all over the world, even to this day, the gourd form is a very common one for pottery of all sorts, thus pointing back, dimly and curiously, to the original mode in which fictile ware generally came to be invented. In Fiji and in many parts of Africa vessels modelled upon natural forms are still universal. Of course all such pots as these are purely hand-made; the invention of the potter's wheel, now so indissolubly associated in all our minds with the production of earthenware, belongs to an infinitely later and almost modern period.

And that consideration naturally suggests the fundamental question, When did the first potter live? The world (as Sir Henry Taylor has oracularly told us) knows nothing of its greatest men; and the very name of the father of all potters has been utterly forgotten in the lapse of ages. Indeed, paradoxical as it may sound to say so, one may reasonably doubt whether there was ever actually any one single man on whom one could definitely lay one's finger, and say with confidence, Here we have the first potter. Pottery, no doubt, like most other things, grew by imperceptible degrees from wholly vague and rudimentary beginnings. Just as there were steam-engines before Watt, and locomotives before Stephenson, so there were pots before the first potter. Many men must have discovered separately, by half-unconscious trials, that a coat of mud rudely plastered over the bottom of a calabash prevented it from catching fire and spilling its contents; other men slowly learned to plaster the mud higher and ever higher up the sides; and yet others gradually introduced and patented new improvements for wholly encasing the entire cup in an inch thickness of carefully kneaded clay. Bit by bit the invention grew, like all great inventions, without any inventor. Thus the question of the date of the first potter practically resolves itself into the simpler question of the date of the earliest known pottery.

Did palæolithic man, that antique naked crouching savage who hunted the mammoth, the reindeer, and the cave-bear among the frozen fields of interglacial Gaul and Britain—did palæolithic man himself, in his rude rock-shelters, possess a knowledge of the art of pottery? That is a question which has been much debated amongst archæologists, and which cannot even now be

considered as finally settled before the tribunal of science. He must have drunk out of something or other, but whether he drank out of earthenware cups is still uncertain. It is pretty clear that the earliest drinking vessels used in Europe were neither bowls of earthenware nor shells of fruits, for the cold climate of interglacial times did not permit the growth in northern latitudes of such large natural vessels as gourds, calabashes, bamboos, or coco-nuts. In all probability the horns of the aurochs and the wild cattle, and the capacious skull of the fellow-man whose bones he had just picked at his ease for his cannibal supper, formed the aboriginal goblets and basins of the old black European savage. A curious verbal relic of the use of horns as drinking-cups survives indeed down to almost modern times in the Greek word *keramic*, still commonly applied to the art of pottery, and derived, of course, from *keras*, a horn; while as to skulls, not only were they frequently used as drinking-cups by our Scandinavian ancestors, but there still exists a very singular intermediate American vessel in which the clay has actually been moulded on a human skull as model, just as other vessels have been moulded on calabashes or other suitable vegetable shapes.

Still, the balance of evidence certainly seems to show that a little very rude and almost shapeless hand-made pottery has really been discovered amongst the buried caves where palæolithic men made for ages their chief dwelling-places. Fragments of earthenware occurred in the Hohefels cave near Ulm, in company with the bones of reindeer, cave-bears, and mammoths, whose joints had doubtless been duly boiled, a hundred thousand years ago, by the intelligent producer of those identical sun-dried fleshpots; and M. Joly, of Toulouse, has in his possession portions of an irregularly circular flat-bottomed vessel, from the cave of Nabrigas, on which the finger-marks of the hand that moulded the clay are still clearly distinguishable on the baked earthenware. That is the great merit of pottery, viewed as an historical document: it retains its shape and peculiarities unaltered through countless centuries, for the future edification of unborn antiquaries. *Litera scripta manet*, and so does baked pottery. The hand itself that formed that rude bowl has long since mouldered away, flesh and bone alike, into the soil around it; but the print of its fingers, indelibly fixed by fire into the hardened clay, remains for us still to tell the story of that early triumph of nascent ceramics.

The relics of palæolithic pottery are, however, so very fragmentary, and the circumstances under which they have been discovered so extremely doubtful, that many cautious and sceptical

antiquarians will even now have nothing to say to the suspected impostors. Among the remains of the newer Stone Age, on the other hand, comparatively abundant ceramic specimens have been unearthed, without doubt or cavil, from the long barrows—the burial-places of the early Mongoloid race, now represented by the Finns and Lapps, which occupied the whole of Western Europe before the advent of the Aryan vanguard. One of the best bits is a curious wide-mouthed semi-globular bowl from Norton Bavant, in Wiltshire, whose singular shape suggests almost immediately the idea that it must at least have been based, if not actually modelled, upon a human skull. Its rim is rough and quite irregular, and there is no trace of ornamentation of any sort: a fact quite in accordance with all the other facts we know about the men of the newer Stone Age, who were far less artistic and æsthetic in every way than their ruder predecessors of the interglacial epoch.

Ornamentation, when it does begin to appear, arises at first in a strictly practical and unintentional manner. Later examples elsewhere show us by analogy how it first came into existence. The Indians of the Ohio seem to have modelled their pottery in bags or nettings made of coarse thread or twisted bark. Those of the Mississippi moulded them in baskets of willow or splints. When the moist clay thus shaped and marked by the indentations of the mould was baked in the kiln, it of course retained the pretty dappling it received from the interlaced and woven thrums, which were burnt off in the process of firing. Thus a rude sort of natural diaper ornament was set up, to which the eye soon became accustomed, and which it learned to regard as necessary for beauty. Hence, wherever newer and more improved methods of modelling came into use, there would arise an instinctive tendency on the part of the early potter to imitate the familiar marking by artificial means. Dr. Klemm long ago pointed out that the oldest German fictile vases have an ornamentation in which plaiting is imitated by incised lines. ‘What was no longer wanted as a necessity,’ he says, ‘was kept up as an ornament alone.’

Another very simple form of ornamentation, reappearing everywhere all the world over on primitive bowls and vases, is the rope pattern, a line or string-course over the whole surface or near the mouth of the vessel. Many of the indented patterns on early British pottery have been produced, as Dr. Daniel Wilson has pointed out, by the close impress of twisted cord on the wet clay. Sometimes these cords seem to have been originally left on the clay in the process of baking, and used as a mould; at other

times they may have been employed afterwards as handles, as is still done in the case of some South African pots: and when the rope handle wore off, the pattern made by its indentation on the plastic material before sun-baking would still remain as pure ornament. Probably the very common idea of string-course ornamentation just below the mouth or top of vases and bowls has its origin in this early and almost universal practice.

When other conscious and intentional ornamentation began to supersede these rude natural and undesigned patterns, they were at first mere rough attempts on the part of the early potter to imitate, with the simple means at his disposal, the characteristic marks of the ropes or wickerwork by which the older vessels were necessarily surrounded. He had gradually learned, as Mr. Tylor well puts it, that clay alone or with some mixture of sand is capable of being used without any extraneous support for the manufacture of drinking and cooking vessels. He therefore began to model rudely thin globular bowls with his own hands, dispensing with the aid of thongs or basketwork. But he still naturally continued to imitate the original shapes—the gourd, the calabash, the plaited net, the round basket; and his eye required the familiar decoration which naturally resulted from the use of some one or other among these primitive methods. So he tried his hand at deliberate ornament in his own simple untutored fashion.

It was quite literally his hand, indeed, that he tried at first; for the earliest decoration upon palæolithic pottery is made by pressing the fingers into the clay so as to produce a couple of deep parallel furrows, which is the sole attempt at ornament on M. Joly's Nabrigas specimen; while the urns and drinking-cups taken from our English long barrows are adorned with really pretty and effective patterns, produced by pressing the tip of the finger and the nail into the plastic material. It is wonderful what capital and varied results you can get with no more recondite graver than the human finger-nail, sometimes turned front downward, sometimes back downward, and sometimes used to egg up the moist clay into small jagged and relieved designs. Most of these patterns are more or less plaitlike in arrangement, evidently suggested to the mind of the potter by the primitive marks of the old basketwork. But as time went on, the early artist learned to press into his service new implements, pieces of wood, bone scrapers, and the flint knife itself, with which he incised more regular patterns, straight or zigzag lines, rows of dots, squares and triangles, concentric circles, and even the mystic cross and swastika, the sacred symbols of yet unborn and un-

dreamt-of religions. As yet, there was no direct imitation of plant or animal forms; once only, on a single specimen from a Swiss lake dwelling, are the stem and veins of a leaf dimly figured on the handiwork of the European prehistoric potter. Ornament in its pure form, as pattern merely, had begun to exist; imitative work as such was yet unknown, or almost unknown, to the eastern hemisphere.

In America, it was quite otherwise. The forgotten people who built the mounds of Ohio and the great tumuli of the Mississippi valley decorated their pottery not only with animal figures, such as snakes, fish, frogs, and turtles, but also with human heads and faces, many of them evidently modelled from the life, and some of them quite unmistakably genuine portraits. On one such vase, found in Arkansas, and figured by the Marquis de Nadaillac in his excellent work on Prehistoric America, the ornamentation consists (in true Red Indian taste) of skeleton hands, interspersed with cross-bones; and the delicacy and anatomical correctness of the detail inevitably suggest the idea that the unknown artist must have worked with the actual hand of his slaughtered enemy lying for a model on the table before him. Much of the early American pottery is also coloured as well as figured, and that with considerable real taste; the pigments were applied, however, after the baking, and so possess little stability or permanence of character. But pots and vases of these advanced styles have got so far ahead of the first potter, that we have really little or no business with them in this paper.

Prehistoric European pottery has never a spout, but it often indulges in some simple form of ear or handle. The very ancient British bowl from Bavant Long Barrow—produced by that old squat Finnlike race which preceded the ‘Ancient Britons’ of our old-fashioned school-books—has two ear-shaped handles projecting just below the rim, exactly as in the modern form of vessel known as a crock, and still familiarly used for household purposes. This long survival of a common domestic shape from the most remote prehistoric antiquity to our own time is very significant and very interesting. Many of the old British pots have also a hole or two holes pierced through them, near the top, evidently for the purpose of putting in a string or rope by way of a handle. With the round barrows, which belong to the Bronze Age, and contain the remains of a later and more civilised Celtic population, we get far more advanced forms of pottery. Burial here is preceded by cremation, and the ashes are enclosed in urns, many of which are very beautiful in form and exquisitely decorated. Cremation,

as Professor Rolleston used feelingly to plead, is bad for the comparative anatomist and ethnographer, but it is passing well for the collector of pottery. Where burning exists as a common practice, there urns are frequent, and pottery an art in great request. Drinking-cups and perforated incense burners accompany the dead in the round barrows; but the use of the potter's wheel is still unknown, and all the urns and vases belonging to this age are still hand-moulded.

It is a curious reflection, however, that in spite of all the later improvements in the fictile art—in spite of wheels and moulds, pastes and glazes, stamps and pigments, and all the rest of it—the most primitive methods of the first potter are still in use in many countries, side by side with the most finished products of modern European skill and industry. I have in my own possession some West Indian calabashes, cut and decorated under my own eye by a Jamaican negro for his personal use, and bought from him by me for the smallest coin there current—calabashes carved round the edge through the rind with a rude string-course, exactly like the common rope pattern of prehistoric pottery. I have seen the same Jamaican negroes kneading their hand-made porous earthenware beside a tropical stream, moulding it on fruits or shaping it inside with a free sweep of the curved hand, and drying it for use in the hot sun, or baking it in a hastily-formed kiln of plastered mud into large coarse jars of prehistoric types, locally known by the quaint West African name of 'yabbas.' Many of these yabbas, if buried in the ground and exposed to damp and frost, till they almost lost the effects of the baking, would be quite indistinguishable, even by the skilled archæologist, from the actual handicraft of the palæolithic potter. The West Indian negroes brought these simple arts with them from their African home, where they have been handed down in unbroken continuity from the very earliest age of fictile industry. New and better methods have slowly grown up everywhere around them, but these simplest, earliest, and easiest plans have survived none the less for the most ordinary domestic uses, and will survive for ages yet, as long as there remain any out-of-the-way places, remote from the main streams of civilised commerce. Thus, while hundreds of thousands of years, in all probability, separate us now from the ancient days of the first potter, it is yet possible for us to see the first potter's own methods and principles exemplified under our very eyes by people who derive them in unbroken succession from the direct teaching of that long-forgotten prehistoric savage.

GRANT ALLEN.

Love and Learning.

A STORY WITH A MORAL CONCEALED ON THE PREMISES

EPISODE I.

HE LOVES HER.

THE town of Noesis was not built upon a hill; neither was its light hidden under a bushel. It stood in a calm and peaceful vale into which the sorrows of a great and wicked world seldom penetrated. There was a river in the centre of this vale and hills on either side. One might have expected to find much beauty in the town of Noesis and its surroundings, but one would have been sadly mistaken. Beauty was not permitted to exist there. The town was built not only upon a rock, but also on strictly utilitarian principles. The river ran between artificial banks, constructed wholly with a view to so controlling its waters as to make them useful in running the sawmills and woollen factories. There were trees in Noesis, but they were there simply for the purpose of providing the town with lungs. They stood in straight rows up and down the streets, each tree whitewashed to a height of six feet from the ground, and each precisely the same shape and size as its fellows. There were three kinds of houses in Noesis—the large house, the small house, and the medium house. All were precisely similar in style, and were proportioned with geometrical exactness. In fact the influence of geometry was abroad in the town. Trigonometry found a warm spot in the soul of every Noesian, and quaternions and determinants were to them things of beauty and joys for ever. For Noesis was the home of reason, the domain of pure science, the kingdom of utilitarianism. Nothing ornamental was permitted to exist in the town; only the useful found an abiding-place there. The sinuous, willowy windings of the river had been a delusion and a snare. The dreams of architects who saw in their minds' eyes great mullioned windows and cloud-capped towers had been rudely dispelled. There was no place in the town of Noesis for them. Science and mathematics reigned supreme, and whatever was, was right-angled.

The day had gone by, said the Noesians, when the minds of men could be fed on such dainty, unsubstantial food as Pope, Addison, Milton, Shakespeare, Byron, or Tennyson. Not even Homer in the original tongue, or Virgil in his own stately hexameters, was considered good for human brains. The Noesians revelled in the exercise of inductive processes, leading, as their chief professor expressed it, to those 'general conceptions of the universe which have been forced upon us all by physical science.' The only musical instruments used in the town were the monochord and the steam whistle. The flowers of the field were interesting according as they were monocotyledonous or polycotyledonous. Water was always spoken of as H_2O , and S_2HO_4 was symbolical of misery and despair.

In this town dwelt Hypatia Green. A lovelier creature the air never breathed upon. Her hair was of that marvellous hue that turns to gold under the magic touch of the sun. Her eyes were a deep, dark brown, so rich and expressive that only the inhabitants of Noesis could look into them unmoved. Her smooth round cheeks were tinted to a delicate pink with the warm rich blood that flowed beneath them, and her two full lips always looked ready to pout, had they not been restrained by her strong will. Hypatia Green was a daughter of culture. She was Professor of 'Rational Torrefaction' in the Noesis High School. In plainer speech she taught scientific cooking. She had brought cooking to a point of mathematical exactness. Every piece of beef that she roasted was done just as well as every other piece, and not a whit more or less. Her omelettes were always of precisely the same size, colour, and consistency. Her coffee was never clouded with grounds, and was never too weak nor too strong. Her bread was never heavy, her cake was never damp. Nothing which Hypatia cooked ever failed to come out precisely as her recipe said it would. Is it to be wondered at that Hypatia had been much sought after by the eligible young men of Noesis? In such a town cooking must, of course, rank high as a science. The working capacity of a man, indeed his entire usefulness, depends upon the condition of his stomach, and for perfection in this he must look to his cook. That Hypatia was as beautiful as a college boy's first dream of love never occurred to any one. Beauty had no part nor place in the town of Noesis. But men loved Hypatia for her cooking, a gift that could not wither and grow stale with the flight of years. Hypatia, however, remained fancy free. She was wrapped up in her omelettes, and she cared

not half so much about the heart of a man as she did about the heart of an onion.

Of course Noesis was on the line of a great railway. So rational a town could not have existed elsewhere. A dozen trains thundered by its rectangular station every day. Eight of them were express trains that did not stop, and ordinary Noesians, who sometimes sauntered around wrapped in meditation like other people, would pause and gaze with scientific delight upon the swift movements of the locomotives. Those who are familiar with the science of subtraction will infer that the other four trains did stop at Noesis. The last one arrived there in the evening, and on one particular evening in the month of May it brought Alfred Swinburne Cottle.

As one might imagine from his name, this young man was a poet. He looked like one. He was more than handsome, for there was in his face something of that ideal beauty which Hellenic sculptors wrought into the faces of their gods. Cottle lived in Utopia, a town that was surrounded by an atmosphere of dreams and supernatural loveliness. There he had spent his youth in fashioning melodious verses and steeping his soul in the literatures of Greece, Rome, and England; he knew nothing of science, and cared nothing for it. It may, therefore, be inferred that he was unacquainted with the true character of Noesis. If he had known the town, he would undoubtedly, to put it mildly, have eschewed it. He went thither because he did not know the place, and he loved to go to places where he had never been before.

As he descended from the train at the Noesis station, he gazed about him with something of mild surprise.

'Well,' he thought, 'this may be a jolly good place for a vacation, but it looks to me more like a good spot to be buried in. However, I'm here, and I'm going to find out what there is in the town.'

'Want to go to the Huxley House, sir?' said a stage-driver, stepping up to him.

'Well, I want to go to an hotel; is that the best?'

'There isn't any other, sir.'

'Then you may take me to the Huxley House.'

Cottle followed the driver to his vehicle, and soon was gliding over a perfectly smooth pavement.

'I say, driver,' said he, 'how's the cooking at this hotel?'

'First-class, sir. We have cooking down to a science here. Cook at Huxley House is a pupil of Miss Hypatia.'

'Who the dence is Miss Hypatia?'

The driver turned and stared at Cottle as if he had come from some unknown world.

'Miss Hypatia Green is professor of "Rational Torrefaction" at the High School, sir.'

Cottle looked blankly at the man for a moment, and then, as the meaning of the sentence penetrated his brain, he burst into a roar of laughter, which provoked the driver into silence for the rest of the journey.

Cottle wandered around the streets of Noesis the next day in a state of mild, deprecatory wonder. The prevalence of straight lines provoked him, and the whitewashed, stiffbacked trees aroused his ire. The very names of the streets filled him with discomfort; for were there not Humboldt, Thales, Galileo, Esculapius, Ganot, Herschel, and Kepler avenues, Copernicus Square, and smaller streets rejoicing in such names as Iodide of Potassium Lane and Ter-Chloride of Nitrogen Alley?

'I think,' meditated Cottle, 'that one day in this town will satisfy me. This is not the kind of place for a vacation. I shall leave this chemical laboratory to-morrow. I prefer to worship Nature as a whole, not in a dissected shape.'

But Fate had other things in store for this sweet singer. As he was retracing his steps towards the hotel, a young woman in the bloom of her beauty passed him. Cottle had seen many lovely creatures, but never one like this. Her face was to him a perfect poem, a shrine of loveliness at which he immediately fell down and worshipped. Cottle's dress and manner were different from those of the scientific inhabitants of Noesis, and he attracted the young lady's attention. She looked at him as she went by, and for a moment he bathed in the light of the two most glorious eyes he had ever seen. It was enough. From that moment the poet's soul was in chains. He stood transfixed to the spot, gazing after her as she slowly walked down the street. A small boy passed him at that moment. Cottle seized the youth by the shoulder with a convulsive grasp.

'Who is she?' he demanded, in a whisper.

'Who's who?' inquired the youth.

'Yonder maiden with the fathomless eyes.'

The boy's glance followed the direction of Cottle's extended finger.

'That's Miss Hypatia Green, professor of——'

'Say no more!' exclaimed Cottle, interrupting him; 'she is an angel.'

'Ah, go 'way!' exclaimed the boy, as he started down the street; 'are you a lunatic?'

Cottle meditated a moment. Was he a lunatic? No, it was impossible. He must be sane. Such a face could only be the outward evidence of a truly lovely soul. She must have a warm, true, womanly heart.

'Noesis!' exclaimed Cottle, 'you are the town for me. You may be full of physics and mathematics and chemistry and astronomy, but where that face is there is poetry enough for one man's life, and here I stay.'

EPISODE II.

SHE DOES NOT LOVE HIM.

'AND do you never feel a longing for something deeper, sweeter, stronger than all this array of cold, scientific fact?'

'I do not see how anything could be deeper or stronger; and if by your peculiar use of the comparative term "sweeter" you mean to indicate dearer, I must reply that to every well-regulated mind science is the dearest thing on earth.'

'I am afraid I do not understand you.'

'And I am quite sure I do not understand you.'

That was the way Hypatia Green and Alfred Swinburne Cottle talked after a month's acquaintance. The young poet's vacation had stretched out from two weeks to seven. He had met Hypatia, had gazed into her wonderful eyes, and had been less able than ever to fathom their secrets. He loved her deeply, distractedly; he would not have been a poet if he had not done that. But when he talked like a poet to her she did not appear to comprehend him at all. She took all his metaphors seriously, and was utterly unable to grasp an analogy. If he used an argument, however, she could spring to its logical results long before he could. She was a puzzle to him, and he was to her. Hypatia had never met a man like this before; she did not understand all his talk about beauty and the value of art. Once he praised her face, and that really astonished her.

'Why, Mr. Cottle, what do you mean?'

'I mean that your face is beautiful; don't you know what beauty is?'

'No; what is it?'

'Perfection of appearance.'

'But appearances are of so little consequence.'

'Can you not understand the delight that one feels in gazing upon a field of waving grain?'

'Yes, of course, one naturally feels delighted to see the rich results of rational labour.'

Cottle groaned. It was enough to make any man groan. Here was a woman with the face and form of a Greek goddess who could not be made to understand that she was beautiful. From that time forth Cottle never again talked of beauty. He talked of love. He tried to find the silent chord within her heart that passion might awaken; but all his efforts seemed useless. The conversation with which this chapter opens occurred as they were on their way to a wedding. He thought that the beautiful ceremony might touch her heart; he was again doomed to disappointment and dismay. The town of Noesis had a wedding service of its own, and this was what Cottle heard:—

'Will you take this woman to be your lawful wedded wife, to have and to hold and to protect in sickness or in health, until death you shall part? Will you provide her with a properly constructed home wherein the laws of rational sanitation are strictly complied with, and will you see that she is provided with food and clothing scientifically prepared? And will you provide her with such books and periodicals as may be necessary for the proper pursuit of her studies? And will you agree to provide for such children as you may have nurses who shall take care of them while this woman is engaged in scientific experiments?'

'I will.'

'Will you take this man to be your lawful wedded husband, to have and to hold and to obey save when his commands are contrary to the laws of science? And will you promise to aid and assist him in all scientific works even until the end of your life?'

'I will.'

The word 'love' was not mentioned in the ceremony. Cottle began to fear that it was not known in Noesis.

'Tell me,' he said to Hypatia as they left the church, 'do you know what love is?'

'Of course I do.'

Cottle's heart gave a great leap. Hypatia continued:

'Love is the affection one has for one's parents and brothers and sisters.'

Cottle's heart fell again with great force.

'But did you never hear,' said he, 'of love for one who was not a relative?'

'Oh yes,' she answered, 'for we are told in that part of the Bible which science permits us to believe that we must love our neighbours as ourselves, and I suppose we all do to a certain extent. That is, I don't think much about it myself; but I have no objections to any one who does not interfere with my work.'

'Do I interfere with your work?'

'Not in the least.'

'Then you have no objection to me?'

'No, I can't say that I have any objection to you.'

'Do you think you ever will have?'

'No, I think not.'

'Do you think that you could always be happy in my presence?'

'Why, how strangely you talk!'

'Hypatia, it is useless for me to conceal it longer—I love you. Will you be my wife?'

'What for?'

'Because I love you madly, desperately. I cannot live without you.'

'Is that what you call poetry?'

'No, no, it is the solemn truth.'

'Oh, no, it is not. You can live very well without me. Of course I am a good cook, but you can find others.'

'Oh, why will you not understand me?'

'I cannot, Mr. Cottle. I can comprehend why you should wish to marry me, but you do not seem to comprehend it yourself. I am the best cook in Noesis, and all the young men are striving to get me for life; but you do not seem to care anything about that, and insist on talking nonsense about my face. I cannot discover any reason why I should want you. If you were a great scientist, you might have some claim; but all you can do is to write that jingling nonsense which you call poetry. We don't marry men in Noesis for such causes as that.'

'Then you refuse?'

'Of course.'

Cottle walked in silence by her side until they had reached her dwelling. He could not comprehend her utter want of sentiment, nor could she find any solution for his poetry. At the door he turned to her once more and said:

'Miss Green, is there no hope for me?'

'I am afraid not,' she answered, 'as long as you cling to poetry.'

'Then farewell.'

He turned upon his heel and left her. The light had gone out of his life, and he bitterly lamented the day he had first seen the town of Noesis. Stunned by the blow which had just fallen upon him, he wandered, not knowing whither he went, far beyond the limits of the town. Out into the soft green fields he went like one bereft of sense. The sweet scent of the clover blossoms, and the twittering of the birds, and the soft murmur of the wind among the boughs of the trees, smote upon his senses, not with the joyous melody of old, but with a new ring of pain. The voices of nature failed to speak to him as they had done in days gone by. Yet the soothing influence of solitude and beauty could not altogether be lost upon him.

'What,' he meditated, 'would the world be without sentiment and poetry? Could man live without them?'

Then he smiled as he thought of the vanity of his inquiry. Men lived without them in Noesis, and women too. And they appeared to be healthy and happy. Could he bring himself to such a state of mind? Could he dissect the tender fancies of poetry with the cruel scalpel of fact? Could he analyse an idea as Hypatia had done when he quoted to her, 'Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll'?

'What is the use,' she asked, 'of telling the ocean to roll on? Of course it will roll on. It always has rolled on, and will continue to do so until its waters are evaporated by the heat of the sun. "Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain." What nonsense! Of course they sweep over it in vain. They couldn't possibly do the ocean any harm, could they? Now if your poet had stated the fact that each ship immersed in the "dark blue" ocean—which every scientist knows is green—lost a portion of its weight equal to the weight of liquid displaced, he would have said something sensible.'

As these thoughts were coursing through Cottle's heated and bewildered brain, in the midst of the beautiful fields, he came upon the only thing needed to drive him to utter distraction—a class of girls from the Noesis High School engaged in the practical study of botany.

'Monocotyledon! monocotyledonous!'

That was what the girls were chanting in a nasal chorus.

'Enough! enough!' shrieked Cottle, as he rushed away.

His brain was in a mad whirl, and the blood was coursing through his veins like a torrent of fire. Across the country he rushed like a maniac, never pausing till he reached the door of his lodging-house. He sprang up the stairs three steps at a time, and dashed into his room. In the solitary moment of consciousness that remained there floated through his mind the dim remembrance of a stanza written by a poet whom he loved and imitated:

‘We had grown as gods, as the gods above,
Filled from the heart to the lips with love,
Held fast in his hands, clothed warm with his wings,
O love, my love, had you loved but me!’

And then the four walls of his room faded away, and in another moment Alfred Swinburne Cottle had fallen prone upon the floor. His good landlady, running up at the sound of the fall, found him there, laughing wildly. Physicians were summoned in hot haste, and shook their heads ominously as they muttered, ‘Brain-fever.’

EPISODE III.

SHE LOVES HIM.

ONE morning Alfred Swinburne Cottle, considerably to his own surprise, found himself in a condition of self-consciousness. He opened his eyes and looked at the bed wondering. Then he gazed around the room. He did not understand why he was in bed. He tried to raise his head, but, much to his astonishment, found that he was too weak. His eyes fell upon the medicine bottles on the table beside him.

‘I wonder what is in those bottles,’ he thought.

By an effort he reached one and conveyed it to his nose.

‘It smells like—I don’t know what kind of a drug. Oh, I should like to know so much.’

In a short time the physician came. He smiled when he saw that his patient was conscious.

‘Have I been ill long?’ inquired Cottle.

‘Yes, but you’re going to be well soon.’

‘Doctor, what is in that bottle?’

‘Nitrate of silver.’

'Is that a compound chemical?'

'Yes, but you must not ask any questions now; you must rest.'

'Only one more; who is the authority on chemistry here?'

'Professor Nitrogenes Pennyweight, of the High School.'

Cottle lapsed into a thoughtful silence. Day by day he improved, and was soon convalescent. His landlady was kindness itself, and he owed his speedy advancement to her attentions. One day, when he was sitting by the window, she entered the room and said:

'Mr. Cottle, you must be lonely. Shall I read something to you?'

'Yes, if you like,' he answered, smiling.

She went to his bookshelf and took down a volume. Then seating herself on the side of the bed, she began to read:

'There lived a singer in France of old,
By the tideless, dolorous, midland sea;
In a land of sand and ruin and gold
There shone one woman and none but she'——

'Stop! stop!' exclaimed Swinburne; 'what on earth are you reading?'

'That's poetry.'

'It's rubbish!' he said emphatically. 'Put away the book; I don't want to hear any more such nonsense as that.'

'Why, Mr. Cottle,' ejaculated the good woman, 'you love poetry. You're a poet yourself. Here's some of your own poetry.'

And seizing another volume she read as follows:

'Oh, take me to thy crystal breast,
And bear me hence a myriad miles,
Till this year dieth in the west,
And next year in the orient smiles.'

'Who wrote that stuff?' he asked.

'You did, sir.'

'Oh, nonsense! I never knew any one with a crystal breast.'

'Why, it means the ocean.'

'Pshaw! The ocean is water, not crystal; and it hasn't any breast at all. If there's any more such stuff there, I want you to take it down to the kitchen, apply a lighted match to it, and convert it into oxide of poetry.'

'You mean to burn it?' gasped the landlady.

'I do,' was the reply.

In utter astonishment the good woman gathered together his once-loved volumes of poetry and bore them away. The brain-fever had done its fatal work. Poetry was dead in Alfred Swinburne Cottle, and in its stead there was a great hunger and thirst after chemistry. Day by day the appetite grew upon him. He watched the simplest chemical processes of nature with intense interest, and yearned to understand them. He cared naught for poetry; he hated the very sound of a rhyme. His first movement, when he was able to leave the house, was to go straight to Professor Nitrogenes Pennyweight.

'Sir,' said he, 'I am oxidizing with a desire to know chemistry. I have an affinity for it. I am not a boy, but I know how to be a student. Will you accept me as a pupil?'

'Will I?' was the reply; 'should so noble an ambition as yours remain unsatisfied? No; from this moment consider yourself my special care.'

And so Alfred Swinburne Cottle, once a poet and dreamer, was plunged headlong into a seething vortex of NCl_3 and CO_2 . For a year he was hardly ever heard of in Noesis. Few persons saw him as he rapidly passed between his lodgings and Professor Pennyweight's private laboratory, with pale face, unkempt hair, and stained hands. Several times he met Hypatia, but he bowed and passed on, and she, perceiving his strange appearance and demeanour, shook her head and marvelled greatly as to what had come over him. Rejected young men in Noesis never acted strangely; they always acted reasonably, and if one could not get the girl who was his first choice, he tried to get her who was his second. As for Cottle, he looked upon Hypatia with utter indifference. He could not even realise that he had once felt a sentiment towards her. More than that, so great was the change in him, he could not remember what sentiment was. Love was to him a myth, and Hypatia simply a woman. People told him that she was the greatest cook of her age. He was glad to hear it. He, too, intended to do something which should make him great, but it would be a chemical greatness.

At the end of his year of hard study he was a perfect master of the science of chemistry. Nothing appeared too difficult for him to master at a glance. Professor Pennyweight declared that such powers of acquisition had never been seen before. He vowed that Alfred Swinburne Cottle now knew more about chemistry than any

man in Noesis. Upon the heels of this remarkable statement followed the announcement that he had discovered a method of making a beautiful emerald colouring for wall-paper out of the chlorophyl of plants, thus doing away with the dangerous colours manufactured on a metallic base. The discovery was hailed with joy, because the Noesians knew that green was a healthful colour for the eyes to rest upon, and had been deterred from using wall-paper of that tint only by the knowledge that poisonous particles existed in it. Cottle sprang into fame at a single bound. By the advice of Professor Pennyweight he announced that he would lecture in the town hall on the uses of the colouring matter of plants. An immense audience greeted him. His lecture was listened to with breathless interest, and his experiments were applauded. He drew mathematical diagrams on the blackboard to please the faculty of the High School, and he produced a beautiful green light from chlorophane to amuse the children.

Hypatia was there, of course. In the midst of his discourse a great idea came to her. This man had once asked her to be his wife, and she had refused. But how he had changed! Was it too late now? She would make the attempt. She felt that they would be mated now, for he was worthy of the hand of the best woman in Noesis. After the lecture she persuaded her aunt and uncle, with whom she lived, to wait for the lecturer. She met him as he left the building and addressed him.

‘Are you in a great hurry, Mr. Cottle?’

‘Not very great, Miss Green.’

‘Will you walk home with us and drink a-cup of my best tea?’

‘Your tea, I believe, is made on purely scientific principles, is it not?’

‘Oh, certainly.’

‘Then I will partake of it.’

Alfred Swinburne Cottle had fallen into the trap: from that day forward he was haunted by Hypatia Green. Did he go to lecture in the hall, she was waiting for him when he was through; if he detected the presence of ozone in the atmosphere and went forth to inhale it, she was by his side. Hypatia would have repelled with scorn any insinuation that there was plotting in this. She felt drawn to Cottle by an irresistible impulse. The impulse grew till it became a fixed tendency of her mind towards him, and that was what in Noesis corresponded to love.

This constant companionship between the two continued for a month. The climax came one day when the leaves were just

beginning to turn. They were walking together just beyond the outskirts of the town. Cottle had gone in search of a certain herb, and Hypatia, as usual, had gone in search of Cottle.

'Do you know,' she said, 'that I believe my cooking is far from being perfect?'

'I am not surprised at that,' he answered calmly. 'Science can go a long distance.'

'That is it exactly. My cooking is, so far as it goes, scientific, but my science does not go far enough. I—I—think that chemistry would be of great assistance to cooking.'

Hypatia's eyes sought the ground. Cottle looked around quickly at her.

'Hypatia,' he said, 'you are a woman of ideas. Food, prepared on strict chemical principles, would be thoroughly nutritious and wholesome.'

'Well,' continued Hypatia, without raising her eyes, 'I have the cooking, and—and—you—you have the chemistry.'

'And you want me to teach you chemistry? Noble girl!'

'No—oh, no—that is, not exactly that. That would be too slow.'

'What then?'

'Couldn't we—couldn't we combine our knowledge?'

'Go into partnership?'

'Yes.'

'But a partnership between a man and a woman would be unusual, wouldn't it?'

'Not—not if it were—for life.'

Hypatia's voice had sunk to a whisper.

'Ah, yes, I see,' answered Cottle, unmoved, 'you mean we might get married.'

'Yes,' she answered softly.

'And then,' he continued, 'we could try all our experiments on ourselves.'

'Yes,' she answered, looking at him with inexpressible admiration in her lovely eyes.

'I think it is an excellent idea,' said he.

'Then,' she murmured, 'I suppose we are engaged.'

'Yes, I think we may deem that point settled.'

And they walked back to the rectangular old town of Noesis in the gloaming, at peace with themselves and all the world. The whitewashed sentinel elms, that kept their vigils through the accurately measured years, looked down upon them kindly and

shed a few leaves in token of their sympathy. And the gentle breeze, sighing around the town anemometer, whispered words of hope and encouragement.

EPISODE IV.

‘LOVE WILL FIND ITS WAY.’

‘MR. and Mrs. Cottle’s Chemically Prepared English Muffins’ were very popular. ‘Mr. and Mrs. Cottle’s Chemically Prepared Sponge Cake’ was the children’s favourite sweet. ‘Mr. and Mrs. Cottle’s Chemically Prepared Macaroni’ had an enormous sale.

They had been married three years, and were looked upon as benefactors of their age. They found it exceedingly profitable to be benefactors. They were growing rich, and their home was as comfortable as science could make it. But science was not enough.

* * * * *

Cottle was sitting by the window of his laboratory refreshing his mind by reading Dr. Lindley Kemp’s ‘Phases of Matter.’ Hypatia entered the room on tiptoe, stole up behind him, and placed her hands over his eyes.

‘Hypatia,’ he exclaimed impatiently, ‘how many times have I told you not to do that when I am reading? I should think a woman of your brains would know better than to be so silly.’

‘I am sorry, Alfred,’ she said penitently.

‘Well, what do you want? Have you any new idea?’

‘No, I can’t say that I have, Alfred. But I haven’t seen you since breakfast time, and I am afraid you’ll overwork yourself, and——’

‘Why, Hypatia, what nonsense you are talking! Overwork myself! Do you suppose a rational man like me is going to be so foolish as that?’

She was silent and gazed upon the floor.

‘What do you want, anyhow, Hypatia?’

But Hypatia did not know. She had been brought up on strictly scientific principles, and had been taught to abhor poetry, art, beauty, and emotion. She had been loved once by this man; but then he was a poet, and she had despised him. Now she was his wife, and he was a great chemist. She loved him with a love

that would have frightened her had she been able to measure its intensity. He was her king. Poor Hypatia! It did seem hard that after twenty years of life in a rule-of-three community she should turn out to be only a woman. But Time found her a balm she had not looked for, and Hypatia learned that a man's heart was sometimes to be touched in strange ways.

* * * * *

'Well, den, was it mamma's ittoo bit o' darling; and did a pin 'tick? Was it a bad old pin? Well, it dess was, den. Goo, goo, goo, goo!'

Cottle looked up from his book with a troubled glance.

'Always mumbling over the baby now,' he thought; 'no time for anything but the baby.'

'Well, den, mamma dess whip dat bad old pin. Dere! dere! dere! Now dat pin dess mighty sorry it 'tick a poor ittoo bit o' baby. Now, dancee-dancee. Dum tiddy um tum, tiddy-iddy um! Dum tiddy um tum, tiddy-widdy tum!'

'For goodness' sake, Hypatia,' exclaimed Cottle, losing all patience, 'do stop singing that confounded nonsense.'

'Why, Alfred, it's to amuse the baby!'

'Well, it doesn't amuse me. You never think about me any more—it's all baby, baby, baby, the whole blessed time.'

And Cottle paced up and down the room angrily. Hypatia studied his face intently for a moment. Then she rose from her seat, summoned the nurse, and sent the baby screaming from the room.

'Oh, you needn't have sent your "ittoo darling" away on my account,' snapped Cottle.

And then he paused in his walk in utter amazement; for Hypatia had burst into a fit of laughter that seemed almost hysterical.

'Now what's the matter?' asked Cottle.

Hypatia went up to him and laid her hands upon his shoulders.

'Alfred,' she said, 'I'm very happy.'

'Why?'

'Because you are jealous of the baby.'

'Rubbish!' he exclaimed, turning away.

But she caught him by the arm, and, gently pushing him into a big chair, sat down upon his knee and laid her fair head upon his shoulder.

'I am very happy,' she murmured.

He was silent for a moment, and then he asked, with a puzzled air:

‘Why?’

She put her arms about his neck and drew his head down so that he could see the marvellous light in her eyes, and said:

‘Because at last you love me, dear.’

A pained, troubled look swept over Cottle’s face. He seemed to be searching for something away back in the past. Slowly, very slowly, the light came to him.

‘Hypatia,’ he said, ‘tell me: did I not once—some time far back—have this feeling for you that you call love?’

‘Yes, dear.’

‘I think—I think I remember.’

He relapsed into thought, and for some little space of time there was silence between them. Then he turned his head and looked into her eyes with a gaze that made her tremble.

‘It has come back, dear?’ she whispered.

‘For ever,’ he replied.

And their lips met.

* * * * *

The town of Noesis exists still. Its inhabitants are yet seeking to penetrate the arcana of Nature. Logarithms, ords, and abscissas are their joy by day, and parallaxes, elliptics, and spectrum analysis are their delights by night. They still cry out against Greek and Latin, and point the finger of scorn at *belles-lettres*. They live in the domain of pure reason, surrounded by a set of fixed laws reducible to mathematical formulæ. Doubtless they fancy themselves the happiest people on earth; but some day they will learn to know the truth, for Alfred and Hypatia are ever with them, preaching the gospel of poetry and love.

W. J. HENDERSON.

The Peasantry of South Wales.

NOT very long ago the only reply an Englishman could elicit from a Welsh peasant in nine cases out of every ten, was the terse 'Dim Saesneg,' and the shake of the head with which the words were accompanied, showed clearly that English was at a discount. Though now the proportion would be reversed, and nine out of every ten young or middle-aged peasants addressed might give a semi-intelligible reply to a half-understood question, the mass of the Welsh people clings tenaciously to the 'old language,' as they lovingly term it. Centuries before the first Saxon trod on British ground, it is said that a Druid uttered a prophecy to the following effect:—

‘Still, still, they chant their great Creator’s praise,
Still in their native tongue attune their lays,
When nought remains of all their wide domains
But Gwalia’s wild uncultivated plains.’

Out of the one and a half million inhabitants of Wales and Monmouthshire, statistics show that considerably over a million speak Welsh as the language of their daily life, and nearly nine hundred thousand worship in their native tongue. Even in the mining district of the Rhondda, with its English influences, the School Inspectors report that seventy-two per cent. of the children attending the day schools speak Welsh habitually at home. In the country districts the proportion is much greater, and the peasant children are practically all Welsh-speaking, and seldom use or hear a word of English except in the day schools.

The Welsh peasant is thus placed at a disadvantage in the battle of life. As a child at school he is introduced to a strange language; books written in the simplest style, which to his English brother are a source of joy, are to him a vexation of spirit, dry symbols, conveying no meaning to the soul within him, things to be thankfully sent to the limbo of forgetfulness as soon as he gets outside the schoolroom doors. And yet in this strange language must all instruction be given to him, and must

he be annually examined. If you could imagine for a moment the children of Dorsetshire Hodge being put to attend a French day school, where only French is spoken, the books, instruction, and everything French, while the playground and home remain English as they are now, you would have an idea of the case of the Welsh peasant children. We are not surprised to find that the great majority of these children, after having passed through the ordinary course of instruction, leave school with practically little knowledge of the English language, few able to take pleasure in reading an English newspaper, still fewer able to express themselves sensibly in writing.

The disabilities of the child are perpetuated in the case of the man. In an official report a Commissioner states that 'in the works the purely Welsh-speaking workman never finds his way into the office. He never becomes either clerk or agent. His social sphere becomes one of complete isolation from all influences, save such as arise within his own order.'

The Rev. D. J. Davies, in the *Cymmrodor* of January 1882, remarks that 'the Welsh-speaking labourer is doomed to lifelong manual toil and poverty, whatever virtues or natural talents he may possess.'

It is then little matter for surprise that, while in England twelve per cent. of the adult male population are artisans and mechanics, in Wales only five per cent. are returned as such.

His love for his native language condemns John Jones to remain a hewer of wood and a drawer of water to the end of the chapter.

Notwithstanding this, a great change, and for the better, has taken place in his worldly circumstances within the last three or four decades. There are now living men who remember the time when a labourer was glad to get fourpence a day for his work from dawn to dark; when he spent his evenings at home, busy by the light of the peat fire, in plaiting withies into baskets and hurdles, to eke out his scanty wage, and whose family thrive on barley bread and whey. His wife would bear her peck of barley grain on her back to the mill—in some well-authenticated instances a distance of a dozen or fifteen miles—trudging home again with the meal to prepare her husband's supper. John himself was often expected to thrash with his flail before daybreak sufficient corn to afford straw for the beasts during the whole of the day. The shepherd boy would start at dawn to his charge, with his wallet of barley bread and a crust

of cheese, returning at night often wet to the skin, and, after his supper of hot broth in the kitchen, would retire to the hayloft, hang up his wet clothes, take off his shirt, wring it as dry as he could, fold and place it to dry under his pillow, and lie down for the night, putting on at daybreak the following morning the half-dried clothes of the previous day. The houses were mostly mud cabins of the poorest description.

This state of things has almost disappeared; but though his worldly circumstances are better, though neat cottages in many instances have replaced the miserable hovels, though his wages are higher and his labour lighter, I cannot say that in the matter of food and clothes he is always better off. Farmers complain that their men are much more 'nice' in the matter of food than formerly. There are but few places where barley bread is used even occasionally, and practically none where it forms a regular part of the daily diet. Even the more dainty and delicious oaten cake is gradually disappearing, and you would have to penetrate very far into the rural world of Wales to find it in use. The broth, or '*succan llaeth*' (a preparation of oatmeal not unlike flummery, with milk), for breakfast, has given place to the sloppy basin of tea with hunks of bread and cheese. Often, too, while the master and his sons are content to wear good homespun, the manservant must have his 'shop-cloth clothes.'

It would be interesting to inquire what relation exists between this delicacy in food and clothing, and the growth of manufacturing and mining industries in Wales. I shall, however, now merely state that the high wages common in the mining centres fifteen or sixteen years ago tempted many to leave the agricultural districts, and though some have from time to time returned, the migration still continues, and Wales, in common with England, suffers from 'the tendency of the rural population towards the large towns.' Whether this gradual depopulation is the result of temptation in the way of bettered position in the towns, or of the disinclination of farmers and landlords to keep in repair more cottages than are required for the labourers actually employed, the fact remains that year by year the strictly peasant population of Wales is decreasing. How hard John feels it to be obliged to sever his connection with his old home is shown by the fact that, having failed to obtain regular employment in his native parish, he leaves his wife and family in the old home and takes himself off to a distance of twenty, thirty, or more miles to work, returning to spend his Sunday at home.

The ploughman, shepherd, and carter, who elsewhere still

maintain their individuality, in Wales become rolled into one, and the farm labourer is, as far as the various kinds of agricultural occupations are concerned, a veritable Jack-of-all-trades. The holdings being generally small, few labourers are required, and these are, as a general rule, single men lodged in the farmhouse. There is, however, a tendency to increase the size of the holdings, the multiplicity of agricultural machines making it in many cases possible to work a larger farm with fewer men.

Of the workmen—as apart from farm servants—who still remain, some are regularly employed on the master's farm for a yearly wage, while others work, whenever they can find employment, for daily wage, or by piece work. The wages of both classes vary, being less in the districts most remote from the great centres of trade, and higher in those nearest to the manufacturing districts. Thus in Cardiganshire and Pembrokeshire a labourer engaged by the year gets from 8*s.* to 10*s.* a week; in Carmarthenshire and Brecknockshire from 9*s.* to 11*s.* a week, and in Glamorganshire wages range as high as from 15*s.* to 18*s.* a week. The wages of such as work by the day vary of course according to the season of the year as well, ranging something thus:—In Cardiganshire and Pembrokeshire from 1*s.* a day in winter to 2*s.* 6*d.* in harvest; in Carmarthenshire and Brecknockshire from 1*s.* 6*d.* to 3*s.*; and in Glamorganshire from 2*s.* to 3*s.* 3*d.* In each case the man is boarded at the farm. In the case of the regularly employed man, he has his Sundays and holidays to himself with the exception of the nominal care of his master's horses; his Sunday dinner, too, is secured to him at his master's house. In addition to this he enjoys some other privileges to which I shall refer later on. His hours of labour, though still long, are not what they used to be. There is now no working before dawn, and little labour of any kind by candle light; and though, during harvest, he is expected to be on the field very early—in some cases as early as three, or even two o'clock—and on exceptional occasions to work while daylight lasts, and sometimes even by moonlight until the small hours, these are exceptions. It is very seldom indeed he is required before five o'clock in the morning or after seven in the evening, and even in some favoured instances the regulation time is from six to six.

Very little above the labourer is the small farmer, who keeps three or four cows, and who is, in the strictest sense of the word, a peasant, and whose lot is often harder than that of a well-paid labourer.

Some interesting remarks in Mr. F. Seeböhm's work, 'The English Village Community,'¹ on the origin of the system of co-ration once so universal, led me to consider what remains of this and other cognate customs of villeinage—or rather of the nearest approach to villeinage which ever existed in Wales—were yet to be found; though I do not pretend to have exhausted the list, I think that all the following customs now or lately prevalent in Welsh agricultural districts may be traced to their origin in the systems referred to.

(a) It is by no means uncommon for landlords to expect their tenants to render them the service of their teams on special occasions, *e.g.* hauling coal, lime, stones, &c., doing a certain portion of the ploughing, giving assistance for a number of days during the hay and corn harvest, and all this, be it remembered, free. Cases may be found in which the landlord keeps no draught horses, and the whole of his ploughing and most of his carting of hay and corn are performed thus. Undoubtedly the common rights enjoyed by the farmers near sheep-walks, &c., are relics, and even the name given to these farmers, 'homagers,' is suggestive.

(b) Turning to the farmer, he again expects the cottager, who may not even be engaged by the year, to perform other well-understood acts of feudalism, such as assistance at sheep-shearing, hay-harvesting, and corn-cutting. Even when the man is paid for his supposed gift of a day's work, the compulsory service is none the less evident, for should he decline to attend when called for, even though he had the offer of much more profitable employment elsewhere, he could not hope but to be entered in his master's black book, to be remembered when Lady Day with its dreaded notice to quit comes round.

It is on the occasion of wheat-cutting—the nearest approach in Wales to the English 'Harvest-home'—that the feudality of the modern Welsh peasant is manifested. Every person, male and female, of every age from the eight-year-old urchin to the octogenarian, who has during the past year received or expects in the future to receive any favour from the farmer's hands, attends at the '*Fedel Wenith*' or 'Wheat-reaping'; it is no unusual thing to see on a farm of from a hundred to a hundred and fifty acres as many as fifty, eighty, or even a hundred persons congregated to do honour to the occasion by rendering volunteer aid in cutting, binding, and stacking the corn. Not only must the labourers,

¹ London: Longmans, Green, & Co.

with their wives and children, all attend, but the village blacksmith, carpenter, mason, cobbler, tailor, and shopkeeper are expected to be present, and even the village schoolmaster, preacher, and parson, do not deem it derogatory to their dignity to take personal and active part in the work during at least a portion of the day. The day's work begins after breakfast, and the resources of the farm wife are strained to the utmost in the preparing food and accommodation for the little army which will invade the house at midday. The dinner-hour having arrived and the house having overflowed, rough temporary tables and benches are raised in the close or farmyard, and a plentiful supply of broth and boiled mutton, with accompanying vegetables from the kitchen garden, is provided. Tea is generally partaken of on the field—a sort of overgrown private picnic. The work of the day is generally over by five or six o'clock, and a final visit is paid to the farmhouse to partake of the immense platefuls of boiled rice which invariably constitutes the harvest supper.

Of course such a day is one of jollity and fun. One of the peculiar customs once commonly prevailing, but now only to be found in the remoter parts, was known as 'The Harvest Mare.' When the last field of wheat had been nearly cut, a handful of the growing grain was left standing in one corner. This was plaited in a threefold plait, and formed the 'Harvest Mare.' The reapers, sickle in hand—reaping-machines and even scythes for the corn harvest being unknown then as now in remote districts—stood at a certain specified distance, and tried to cut off the plaited ears by throwing the sickle. To do this, as may be supposed, required exceptional skill. When at length the 'mare' fell, it was seized by the boldest of the youths, who had to run then the gauntlet of the girls with his treasure in his breast. If he succeeded in placing the 'mare' *dry* on the farm kitchen-table, he enjoyed peculiar privileges, and towards preventing this the utmost energies of the buxom lasses were directed. As they were not allowed to touch him, they armed themselves with basins, jugs, pans, &c., of water to throw over him 'to water the mare' as he ran; and it was esteemed a token that a girl was very far gone in love with the bold runner, if she provided herself with an unusually large bucket of water wherewith to souse him.

(c) The reciprocal duty of the farmer to his peasant retainer seems to be performed in several ways. There is a custom which obtains generally of permitting every one who assists the farmer in his potato setting to have part of the potato plot—the peasant

finding his own seed. It is no unusual thing to find a single potato plot on a field owned jointly by a dozen different owners. In some parts of Cardiganshire—at least some years ago—the regularly employed labourer was allowed a ridge or two on the cornfield for his own use. The labourer, too, is often allowed pasture for a cow, and it is, or was lately, no unusual thing in Cardiganshire for the labourer to have all the hay which grew on the banks of hayfields and around and in corners of cornfields, for the cutting of it; this often represented no inconsiderable portion of the cow's winter hay. The labourer is also allowed, as a rule, the use of his master's team and cart to draw coal for his home use, while the peasant woman who assists at the sheep-shearing has an unwritten claim to a portion of coarse wool with a modicum of a finer fleece.

Another ancient custom which threatens to disappear with the 'Harvest Mare' is a peculiar New Year's custom found now in but few of the more remote parishes. Some years ago the large kitchen-table of every farmhouse used to be covered on New Year's morning with a number of specially prepared small round loaves. At one end of the table was placed a tea-canister, and at the other a large tobacco-box. The pensioners of the family, mostly old labourers, or their wives or widows, would call during the morning to wish the family a Happy New Year. Each caller was presented with a loaf, and had the choice of a pinch of tobacco or a handful of tea. As each pensioner's circle comprised from a dozen to a score of farmhouses, the New Year's treat was a substantial one, and its place is very imperfectly filled by the now more popular one of giving a penny or two to each peasant boy who calls to wish the farmer's family the usual 'Happy New Year.'

I have said that most of the farm work is performed by servants, generally single men. The usual time of engaging these is at Allhallowtide, and the hiring is for a year. The hiring fairs used to be very well attended, but now most of the hiring is done before the fair, by a sort of private contract at the residence of one or other of the parties, or of a mutual acquaintance. Should any farmer 'covet his neighbour's manservant or his maidservant,' it would be considered a gross breach of the proprieties for him to open negotiations with such a one without having first obtained the consent of the then master. Should the farmer not be suited, he has recourse to the fair. At these fairs formerly the youths and men attended in white 'smocks,' or loose jackets, but now

there is no distinctive dress. In Glamorganshire the hiring is half-yearly, and takes place on fixed days called '*Mercher Amodau*,' or 'The Hiring Wednesday,' this day being the first Wednesday after the 'Old May Day,' and Allhallowtide. The men stand in line along the street, and the farmers walk along the line examining minutely the good points and the defects in the candidates. The mode in which this was formerly done strongly suggested an American slave market; now, however, the most objectionable features have been abolished, and when a youth has answered a few queries to the satisfaction of the farmer, the bargain is made very much in the same way as a bargain would be made for a horse. After higgling over the price they eventually agree; the farmer takes his new man into a beerhouse and treats him to a glass of beer, probably the last as well as the first he ever will treat him to, and then gives him a shilling, locally called an 'earn' or earnest of the wage to follow, and the bargain is concluded.

The wages of these farm servants vary from 15*l.* to 23*l.* a year in most places, but Glamorganshire again maintains the lead with wages varying from 25*l.* to 30*l.* a year. A good dairymaid gets, as a rule, from 9*l.* to 12*l.*; second manservants, lads of from fifteen to eighteen years of age, are paid wages ranging from 8*l.* to 15*l.*, and assistant milkmaids from 5*l.* to 8*l.* It is in many places a generally acknowledged custom that if a milkmaid remains seven years in the service of the same employer she is presented with a pair of blankets, and a manservant who serves thus has a claim to a yearling heifer. Board and lodging are of course provided by the farmer, but the men have to give their washing out, the fixed payment for which in many places is a ton of coal delivered free; as the man generally stipulates for the use of his master's team and cart for this purpose, his out-of-pocket will be only the actual cost of the coal at the pit, some 8*s.* or 9*s.* a ton, while the value to the washerwoman will be double this in many places. Many servants, especially in the hilly and later districts, stipulate for some six or eight weeks 'out' from the close of spring work to the beginning of the hay harvest. This time they employ in working at the limekilns, stone-breaking on the roads, or any other work they can obtain, and what they earn in this way is a very material addition to their annual wage. Formerly most of the labourers of some parts of Cardiganshire and Carmarthenshire used to migrate at this period to the earlier hay harvest of Herefordshire, where their services as mowers were always welcome,

and commanded a good price. The introduction of the mowing machine, however, has closed this once common source of income.

If a peasant has a number of sons, the family exchequer is safe to be in a very good state, and a labourer is not unfrequently able to open a banking account, and when some small holding becomes free, he is often found ready to take it and to stock it from his savings. Daughters prove more of a burden; there is a growing disinclination, especially among those who keep a few cows, to let their daughters go on service, though perhaps the sons may all be engaged by surrounding farmers. In these cases the girls are either sent to the town as shop hands, or are trained as sempstresses; and I know of few lots which are less attractive than that of a country sempstress.

A peculiarity of the courting customs of the country is that while the ordinary courtship is carried on with the utmost secrecy, there are at least two occasions when the swain delights in proudly displaying tokens of his bondage. These are 'The Young People's Fair,' and 'The Biddings.'

The former are merely pleasure fairs, held at some neighbouring town, and the days on which they are held are, and have been from time immemorial, sacred to the hired folk whatever may be the calls of the farm. At these fairs John proudly parades the street, holding his Jane by the hand, and treating her at the various standings to unlimited gingerbread, lollipops, and the like.

The 'Bidding' is a peculiar institution. The preliminaries of a marriage having been arranged, a printed circular, technically known as a 'Bidding Letter,' is prepared. It is always in the same stereotyped form. It runs thus:—

'As we intend to enter the Matrimonial State, we are encouraged by our friends to make a BIDDING on the occasion at the Young Man's Father's House, called Brynserch in the Parish of Llangariad, on Friday, September 28, 1883, when and where the favour of your good and agreeable company is most humbly solicited, and whatever donation you may be pleased to bestow upon us then will be thankfully received, warmly acknowledged, and cheerfully repaid whenever called for on a similar occasion, by your most obedient servants,

'JOHN JONES.

'JANE DAVIES.'

The Young Man with his Father and Mother, Thomas and Mary Jones, his Brother and Sister-in-law, William and Gwen Jones, his Uncle

and Aunt, David and Sarah Thomas, desire that all Bidding Debts due to them be repaid to the Young Man on the above occasion.

The Young Woman with her Father and Mother, Morgan and Margaret Davies, her Cousins Rhys and Gwladys James, desire that all Bidding Debts due to them be repaid to the Young Woman on the above occasion.

The relationships in the last half of the letter are extended *ad infinitum* as the occasion may require. This letter, freely distributed at fairs, markets, and outside places of worship on Sundays, makes the occasion widely known. When the wedding is to be a 'big' one, *i.e.* when all are invited to the wedding as well as the bidding, the bridegroom's friends all congregate at his house, and the bride's friends at hers. A number of the more intimate friends of the groom are deputed to 'fetch the bride,' a matter of no small difficulty. Having reached her house they are met at the door of the house by her friends, who ask the strangers their business; then a duel of dialogue in rhyme, chiefly extempore, takes place between the parties; the visitors finally, after having met with some show of opposition, force their way in. Their troubles, however, have only commenced. The bride has yet to be found. Parlour, bedroom, cupboards, oak-chests, are all searched by the 'fetchers,' each futile quest being greeted by the laughter and gibes of the bride's friends.

One of the closest of these 'hidings' which came under the writer's ken tried to the utmost the detective powers of the searchers. Every nook and cranny had been searched in vain, even the oven and chimney explored; the fetchers had tramped up and down the stairs a dozen times, when it suddenly struck one of them that there must be a closet under the stair. Quickly they descended again and searched kitchen and parlour for the usual door to the closet, but none could be found. The laughter of the bride's friends redoubled, and the chagrin of the searchers deepened in proportion. Not only was their own honour at stake, but that also of the bridegroom they represented; for well they knew that unless they found the bride the wedding would have to be put off, and they and he would become the laughing-stock of the place. Suddenly the quick eyes of one of the searchers noticed a shade of difference in the colour of the wall paper. He placed his hand upon it. It was wet! With a whoop of triumph he took out his jack-knife, ran it round the hidden door which had been *pasted over* an hour previously, and discovered the bride, seated comfortably within, but almost choked with suppressed laughter.

There is a tradition in North Wales, in the beautiful valley of Gwrtheyrn, of the comedy ending in tragedy. The bride had slipped out of the house. The fetchers having failed to find her, her friends joined in the search, but all in vain. She had mysteriously disappeared as utterly as if the earth had swallowed her. Her lover became insane, and wandered about the place a hopeless idiot. His favourite spot during his insanity was near a large oak tree, where he was wont to declare he heard his lost bride's voice. A twelvemonth after the bride's mysterious disappearance, the place was visited by a thunderstorm. A person passing by after the storm was over discovered the insane bridegroom lying dead by the trunk of the tree; the tree itself was riven by the lightning, and inside the hollow trunk was the body of the lost bride, easily recognised by the mouldering remnants of her bridal finery, which still clung to her fleshless skeleton. No doubt she had climbed the tree to hide, and fallen into the cavity, which, narrowing downwards, had held her immovably fixed, and stifled her frantic cries.

But to continue the 'Bidding.' The bride, having been found, is escorted by a body-guard of the 'fetchers,' and followed by her friends. Half-way to the church the bridegroom and his friends meet them and join in the procession. The wedding ceremony being over, the whole procession starts for the future home of the young couple, sometimes 'the young man's father's house,' as in the letter. It is the custom for intending future happy couples to pair at these Biddings, to serve their apprenticeship to Hymen, as it were. Tea and cake are provided for all, and the evening is spent in fun. The donations are made at any time during the evening, and the amount of each one's gift is carefully recorded by the Bidding Clerk. The gifts vary from a shilling or eighteenpence up to half-a-sovereign. Where the young people happen to be well connected and popular, a goodly sum of ready money is thus obtained to start in life. The writer has been in a Bidding when as much as 60*l.* was received, but generally from 20*l.* to 30*l.* is considered as a good taking. The repayment of this amount extends over a period of years; a portion of it, by the marriage of any one who donated, may have to be repaid in the course of a few months, but a large portion may not be called for for many years.

Having seen John and Jane comfortably married, and with something in the old stocking for a rainy day, let us next see how they live.

I have already referred to the fact that the houses are much better than they used to be, it being only in the wildest parts of Pembrokeshire and Cardiganshire that the small mud hovels are still found. One of the worst cases which has come under my notice in Carmarthenshire was one reported lately by a sanitary officer, where a family of five occupied a house—save the mark!—consisting of a single room twelve feet long by less than six feet broad!

The furniture of the cotter and small farmer follows a fixed rule, and there are well-understood customs as to the providing it. Thus the bridegroom is expected to provide the kitchen clock and table, while his bride has the chest of drawers and parlour table to answer for; each brings half a dozen chairs, and while he provides the glass-cupboard and the kitchen dresser, she furnishes all the crockery ware to decorate them; John purchases the bedsteads and Jane provides the bedding and bedclothes.

The kitchen mantelpiece glitters with an array of silver-bright 'tins,' under which generic term are included a pair of brass candlesticks, two or three old mustard-boxes, perhaps a biscuit-box, half a dozen old lids, and an indescribable miscellany. It is Jane's pride to make each 'tin' a mirror, and the 'half-chest' and parlour furniture—all stout durable oak—shine as only bees-wax and elbow-grease, applied almost daily, can make them. The white sycamore surface of the kitchen table is spotless with constant scrubbing, while the lime floor is so clean, that, as the country folk say, 'you could eat off it.' No doubt this pleasant picture has its reverse side, and a slattern may be met with in Wales as well as elsewhere; but the general run of the peasant women, as well as of the wives of colliers and ironworkers, take pride in a clean house. The walls are, as a rule, neatly papered, and it is seldom indeed you will see a cotter's window without a few flowers in it. In many cases, too, a few spare square yards in front of the cottage are utilised as a flower and herb garden, while there is a fertile kitchen-garden in the rear, which supplies sufficient vegetables for the year.

The wife and mother is generally a real helpmate. Not only is she a good home manager, clean and economical, but she is also industrious. Not content with earning many a shilling at harvest time, she adds considerably to the common store by acting as washerwoman for the farm servants, and is always found, when she has no other work for her hands, busily knitting, even when walking to or from an occasional day's work; and when she goes

for an afternoon's gossip, she always has her stocking in hand, and her knitting-pins ply quite as quickly as her tongue—and that is saying much. She generally possesses sufficient skill with the needle to mend roughly the torn garments of the family, and an occasional shilling paid to the village milliner for a day or two's work, represents the annual dressmaker's bill. The candles she makes herself, and not uncommonly she pays for a week's groceries by taking the eggs, the produce of a dozen fowls, to the village shop, where the transaction takes the simplest form of barter. In addition to this, Jane occasionally acts as the village huckster. She collects the butter, eggs, and fowls of a few farms, and, often with a weight of fifty or sixty pounds on her head, takes a weary tramp of eight, ten, or twelve miles once or twice a week to the nearest town or mining district, and vends her goods, making a small clear profit in each transaction.

I regret to see that the good warm homespun clothing and the picturesque Welsh peasant woman's beaver hat are giving place to shoddy cloth and flowery hats or bonnets, sometimes displaying all the hues of the rainbow or the gaudiness of a peacock's tail.

This waste, coupled with the fact that many are compelled to buy on credit owing to want of provident habits in earlier life, and the credit system necessitating the buying of only small doles at a time at an exorbitant price, tends to keep many under water, and engenders in some habits of improvidence to which their parents, with simpler habits, were strangers. That the Welsh peasant is naturally provident is proved by the fact that the first Saturday after the annual pay day is in many places called 'Banking Saturday,' and that a large number of farm servants, dairymaids, &c., on that day visit the nearest savings bank. It is by no means uncommon for a young man of twenty-five to be able to produce on his wedding morning his savings-bank book showing possibly 50*l.* or more to his credit. Many a labourer too, after rearing a family of children, is able to lease a plot of ground and build a house for himself, or to rent a small farm and form another link between the peasant and the farmer class. Unfortunately it is equally true that glaring instances of improvidence occur. The little store possessed on the wedding night is expended in paying for the furniture, or in dress unsuitable to the peasant's position; and if the husband be dissipated and the wife improvident, squalor and want must result. Such cases are, however, very rare.

However poor he may become, he has a strong and deep-rooted aversion to 'going into the house,' *i.e.* becoming an inmate of a workhouse, the lowest depth of degradation in the eyes of the ordinary peasant. While for the whole country (England and Wales) 25 per cent. of the paupers are indoor paupers, in South Wales only 10 per cent. of those receiving relief enter the workhouse.

One great point of difference between the Welsh and the English peasant is that while the latter is, as a rule, unlettered, the former is very seldom unable to read his Bible, and to gather most of the contents of the newspaper or magazine published in the vernacular. He is thus able to take an intelligent interest in the affairs of the outside world, which, though he may never have seen it, becomes thus familiar to him. He is a bit of a politician in his way, and does not hesitate to state his opinions of any measure before Parliament, especially if it has reference to Wales. This opinion, it is true, is coloured by the medium through which intelligence of the subject is conveyed to him, and as the majority of newspapers published in his mother tongue are all on one side in politics, and as the peasant's master the farmer, and the peasant's brother the miner, ironworker and quarryman, all read the same paper, it is no matter for surprise that twenty-two out of the twenty-four members for Wales go into the same lobby on a division. John is often, too, a literary character in a small way. The local competitive meetings keep up his taste for literature, and he is able to write very fair reports (in Welsh, of course) of any events of interest in his neighbourhood. I must acknowledge that his taste, especially in newspaper literature, is somewhat vitiated, and that the paper which panders most to his taste in the way of personal attacks, bickerings, quarrellings, &c., is often the most popular. I would not wish to convey a wrong impression of Welsh newspapers as a rule. I am glad to be able to say that some of them could rank with the best-conducted English papers.

John's little taste for reading and writing does not prevent him enjoying himself in other ways. It is often his pleasure to meet other Johns at the village cobbler's or at the smithy of an evening. In the former case local news circulates or the news of the weekly papers is discussed. In the latter, quoiting—in reduced circumstances, it is true, but still quoiting—is the order of the evening; the quoits are old horseshoes, and the quoiting ground the strip of greensward on the roadside.

It must be confessed that his amusements are not at all times so innocent. I may just whisper in confidence that he is often a

bit of a poacher in a mild way; salmon poaching—out of season too, the more the pity—presents irresistible attractions for him. An occasional rabbit or hare finds its way into the pot, and the local poulterer often makes a good bargain by purchasing the pheasants or partridges which could only be safely vended through him.

Neither is Jane without her good times. The advent of a miniature edition of John or Jane is celebrated by visits of homage from the farmers' wives and other matrons, when Jane and her visitors indulge in much dissipation in the way of tea-drinking. Each visitor brings an offering, a basin of butter, a quarter-pound of tea, a few yards of print or stuff, or a florin or half-crown as the case may be.

A few superstitions still keep a firm hold in the more remote parts. Speaking to an old peasant-woman lately about the unfavourable weather, I was struck by her reply: 'Dear me, sir, that is not to be wondered at! *It is Assize time!*'—the assizes were held that week at the county town. The old woman spoke in all good faith.

On a par with this is the harmless superstition of the importance of the time to begin service at a new place. Contrary to what prevails elsewhere, Friday is the lucky day in Wales, and after it comes Tuesday, for weddings and fresh service. Wednesday is greatly dreaded, and in many places a servant would not commence service on a Wednesday for almost—to him—fabulous terms.

Fairy legends are not uncommon, but are almost traditionary, few if any persons now living pretending to have seen the fairy folk. The names given them are suggestive and poetical, *Bendith y Mamau*—i.e. The Mother's Blessing, and *Y Tylwyth Teg*—The Fair Family, being most common.

Of a more awe-inspiring nature is the current belief in various death tokens, chief among which are the '*cyhiraeth*' or death cry, the spectral funeral procession, and the '*canwyll corph*' or corpse candle. Some peasants are noted as 'seers,' and blood-curdling tales are told of what they have seen. It is not a pleasant experience, when walking of an evening along a lone country road, to have your companion, an old peasant 'seer,' after reciting a string of his experiences, lay his hand on your arm, with a 'Hush! Stand aside! On your life don't speak! . . . There! They have passed! You heard the rustle of their movements. I saw the funeral. Whose will it be, I wonder?' Some of the strangest of these stories are apparently well authenticated, and

there is undoubtedly in some of them something unexplainable, something more than we wot of in our philosophy.

Seldom will John have recourse to a doctor. He believes in simples. Dandelion, oxbean, and celery are his specifics, and a perspiration bath, induced by drinking a strong basin of hot celery tea, and nestling between the blankets, is the treatment, *par excellence*, recommended for every form of illness, from a chill to a fever. Vendors of quack medicines find him easily gulled.

The two distinguishing traits of his character, like that of all his compatriots, are his musical and his religious tastes. To hear Welsh choral singing is at once a revelation and a treat for strangers. Such beautiful melody, intonation, and expression as are often to be met with in rural districts in Wales could never be met with in England except among the most highly trained choirs. The grand victory of the Welsh Choir of five hundred in the International Musical Competition for the Thousand Guinea Cup, at the Crystal Palace, some years ago, is proudly referred to by rich and poor alike. The majority of that choir were common working men, and its conductor a working blacksmith. Instances are not wanting to show that the same excellent material is still to be found in the agricultural districts. Fresh in my recollection is an incident which occurred at the Swansea National Eisteddfod three years ago. A prize of two guineas was offered for the best rendering of a tenor solo. A score of young men came forward to compete, nearly all working men. They sang, remember, to an audience of several thousands. After one of the singers, a peasant youth who had had no special training of any kind, had sung with admirable taste and expression, my nearest neighbour, a great musical authority and himself formerly a peasant, turned to me, saying:—‘There, sir! that from a labouring peasant! Show me any other nation under the sun which could produce such results from her untrained peasants!’ At the late Cardiff National Eisteddfod where the musical adjudicators were Sir George Macfarren, Mr. Joseph Bennet, and Mr. Joseph Barnby, the latter, in giving the award of the judges on the Tenor Solo Competition, said: ‘Never in the whole course of my experience have I heard so many fine tenor singers brought into so small a compass or come from so small a district. The tenors I have heard to-day are, considering their number, *the finest I have ever listened to in my life.*’ None of the thirty singers to whom Mr. Barnby referred had had any special training, and all were common labouring youths. The young folks in many country districts

delight to congregate in the open air after Sunday evening service to rehearse some of the Psalm tunes and anthems they love so well, and the melody, floating on the balmy summer air amidst scenery so romantic, has an indescribable charm.

But John is greater still in his religion. He is essentially Puritan, and mostly Nonconformist. Unfortunately he is too sectarian, and inclined to think his the only royal road to heaven. This excessive sectarianism has been a bane in the past, but is now leavened with more charity. Whole neighbourhoods are found all of one denomination. To cite a case, there are two neighbouring hamlets each numbering some seven or eight hundred inhabitants. In each there may be at the outside some three dozen Church folk, all the remainder in one of the hamlets are Calvinistic Methodists, and in the other Congregationalists.

The influence of an eloquent Welsh preacher over his hearers must be seen to be appreciated, and be experienced to be understood. Some of the most popular of these preachers have sprung from the peasantry, having spent until eighteen or twenty years of age at the plough. John will go a long way with his wife and children to attend a *Cymanfa*, the open-air high festival of his sect, and will sit entranced by the sermons notwithstanding the burning rays of the sun or the chilling blasts.

But if you want to see John at his best, go to the village Sunday School. Suckling babes on the mother's breast, and all ages from that to the hoary-headed grandfather, attend. John's knowledge of Scripture is deep and subtle, and he is a great expounder. His doctrines, if sometimes startling, are strong, and he is ready with an array of Scripture references to support his views.

Take him all in all, John Jones is a very good fellow, and if in some respects his lot could be better, it certainly might in many be worse.

BERIAH GWYNFE EVANS.

Ambition.

A NIGHT-WIND moved and moaned by fits,
Wandering the field of Austerlitz.

At peace above its mounds of slain,
Heaven wove with stars her shining skein.

Beside his tent, austere as stone,
Napoleon stood and mused alone.

His eyes (an eagle's in their light)
Lifted, and swept the voids of night.

That hour was born within his breast
The Titan's anguish of unrest.

He felt his spirit tower, aspire,
With insolence of new desire.

All victories he had won o'er men
Seemed slight and immaterial then.

He craved in many another land
Conquest a millionfold more grand.

He thrilled with all the strange distress
Of superhuman selfishness.

And while his vision rose and sought
Those throngs of stars, he thought this thought:

'In every orb of these I mark,
That pierce with fire the dome of dark,

'In every world that beams afar,
In each distinguishable star,

'I long to reach, as at this hour,
A glory and plenitude of power,

'And live through time till time be done,
Imperially Napoleon!'

EDGAR FAWCETT.

Wild Flowers.

A FIR-TREE is not a flower, and yet it is associated in my mind with primroses. There was a narrow lane leading into a wood, where I used to go almost every day in the early months of the year, and at one corner it was overlooked by three spruce firs. The rugged lane there began to ascend the hill, and I paused a moment to look back. Immediately the high fir-trees guided the eye upwards, and from their tops to the deep azure of the March sky over, but a step from the tree to the heavens. So it has ever been to me, by day or by night, summer or winter, beneath trees the heart feels nearer to that depth of life the far sky means. The rest of spirit found only in beauty, ideal and pure, comes there because the distance seems within touch of thought. To the heaven thought can reach lifted by the strong arms of the oak, carried up by the ascent of the flame-shaped fir. Round the spruce top the blue was deepened, concentrated by the fixed point; the memory of that spot, as it were, of the sky is still fresh—I can see it distinctly—still beautiful and full of meaning. It is painted in bright colour in my mind, colour thrice laid, and indelible; as one passes a shrine and bows the head to the Madonna, so I recall the picture and stoop in spirit to the aspiration it yet arouses. For there is no saint like the sky, sunlight shining from its face.

The fir-tree flowered thus before the primroses—the first of all to give me a bloom, beyond reach but visible, while even the hawthorn buds hesitated to open. Primroses were late there, a high district and thin soil; you could read of them as found elsewhere in January; they rarely came much before March, and but sparingly then. On the warm red sand (red, at least, to look at, but green by geological courtesy, I think) of Sussex, round about Hurst of the Pierreponts, primroses are seen soon after the year has turned. In the lanes about that curious old mansion, with its windows reaching from floor to roof, that stands at the base of Wolstanbury Hill, they grow early, and ferns even linger in sheltered overhung banks. The South Down range, like a great wall, shuts off the sea, and has a different climate on either hand; south by the sea—hard, harsh, flowerless, almost grassless, bitter, and cold; on the north side, just over the hill—warm, soft, with

primroses and fern, willows budding and birds already busy. It is a double England there, two countries side by side. On a summer's day Wolstanbury Hill is an island in sunshine; you may lie on the grassy rampart, high up in the most delicate air—Grecian air, pellucid—alone, among the butterflies and humming bees at the thyme, alone and isolated; endless masses of hills on three sides, endless weald or valley on the fourth; all warmly lit with sunshine, deep under liquid sunshine like; the sands under the liquid sea, no harshness of man-made sound to break the insulation amid nature, on an island in a far Pacific of sunshine. Some people would hesitate to walk down the staircase cut in the turf to the beech-trees beneath; the woods look so small beneath, so far down and steep, and no handrail. Many go to the Dyke, but none to Wolstanbury Hill. To come over the range reminds one of what travellers say of coming over the Alps into Italy; from harsh sea-slopes, made dry with salt as they sow salt on razed cities that naught may grow, to warm plains rich in all things, and with great hills as pictures hung on a wall to gaze at. Where there are beech-trees the land is always beautiful; beech-trees at the foot of this hill, beech-trees at Arundel in that lovely park which the Duke of Norfolk, to his glory, leaves open to all the world, and where the anemones flourish in unusual size and number; beech-trees in Marlborough Forest; beech-trees at the summit to which the lane leads that was spoken of just now. Beech and beautiful scenery go together.

But the primroses by that lane did not appear till late; they covered the banks under the thousand thousand ash-poles; foxes slipped along there frequently, whose friends in scarlet coats could not endure the pale flowers, for they might chink their spurs homewards. In one meadow near primroses were thicker than the grass, with gorse interspersed, and the rabbits that came out fed among flowers. The primroses last on to the celandines and cowslips, through the time of the bluebells, past the violets; one dies but passes on the life to another, one sets light to the next, till the ruddy oaks and singing cuckoos call up the tall mowing grass to fringe summer.

Before I had any conscious thought it was a delight to me to find wild flowers, just to see them. It was a pleasure to gather them and to take them home; a pleasure to show them to others—to keep them as long as they would live, to decorate the room with them, to arrange them carelessly with grasses, green sprays,

tree-bloom—large branches of chestnut snapped off, and set by a picture perhaps. Without conscious thought of seasons and the advancing hours to light on the white wild violet, the meadow orchis, the blue veronica, the blue meadow cranesbill; feeling the warmth and delight of the increasing sun-rays, but not recognising whence or why it was joy. All the world is young to a boy, and thought has not entered into it; even the old men with grey hair do not seem old; different but not aged, the idea of age has not been mastered. A boy has to frown and study, and then does not grasp what long years mean. The various hues of the petals pleased without any knowledge of colour-contrasts, no note even of colour except that it was bright, and the mind was made happy without consideration of those ideals and hopes afterwards associated with the azure sky above the fir-tree. A fresh footpath, a fresh flower, a fresh delight. The reeds, the grasses, the rushes—unknown and new things at every step—something always to find; no barren spot anywhere, or sameness. Every day the grass painted anew, and its green seen for the first time; not the old green, but a novel hue and spectacle, like the first view of the sea. If we had never before looked upon the earth, but suddenly came to it man or woman grown, set down in the midst of a summer mead, would it not seem to us a radiant vision? The hues, the shapes, the song and life of birds, above all the sunlight, the breath of heaven, resting on it; the mind would be filled with its glory, unable to grasp it, hardly believing that such things could be mere matter and no more. Like a dream of some spirit-land it would appear, scarce fit to be touched lest it should fall to pieces, too beautiful to be long watched lest it should fade away. So it seemed to me as a boy, sweet and new like this each morning; and even now, after the years that have passed, and the lines they have worn in the forehead, the summer mead shines as bright and fresh as when my foot first touched the grass. It has another meaning now; the sunshine and the flowers speak differently, for a heart that has once known sorrow reads behind the page, and sees sadness in joy. But the freshness is still there, the dew washes the colours before dawn. Unconscious happiness in finding wild flowers—unconscious and unquestioning, and therefore unbounded. I used to stand by the mower and follow the scythe sweeping down thousands of the broad-flowered daisies, the knotted knapweeds, the blue scabious, the yellow rattles, sweeping so close and true that nothing escaped; and yet although I had seen so many hundreds of each, although I had lifted armfuls day after day, still they were fresh. They never lost

their newness, and even now each time I gather a wild flower it feels a new thing. The greenfinches came to the fallen swathe so near to us they seemed to have no fear; but I remember the yellowhammers most, whose colour, like that of the wild flowers and the sky, has never faded from my memory. The greenfinches sank into the fallen swathe, the loose grass gave under their weight and let them bathe in flowers. One yellowhammer sat on a branch of ash the livelong morning, still singing in the sun, his bright head, his clean bright yellow, gaudy as Spain, was drawn like a brush charged heavily with colour across the retina, painting it deeply, for there on the eye's memory it endures, though that was boyhood and this is manhood, still unchanged. The field—Stewart's Mash—the very tree, young ash timber, the branch projecting over the sward, I could make a map of them. Sometimes I think sun-painted colours are brighter to me than to many, and more strongly affect the nerves of the eye. Straw going by the road on a dusky winter's day seems so pleasantly golden, the sheaves lying aslant at the top, and these bundles of yellow tubes thrown up against the dark ivy on the opposite wall. Tiles, red burned, or orange mossy, the sea sometimes cleanly definite, the shadows of trees in a thin wood where there is room for shadows to form and fall; some such shadows are sharper than light, and have a faint blue tint. Not only in summer but in cold winter, and not only romantic things but plain matter-of-fact things, as a wagon freshly painted red beside the wright's shop, stand out as if wet with colour and delicately pencilled at the edges. It must be out of doors; nothing indoors looks like this. Pictures are very dull and gloomy to it, and very contrasted colours like those the French use are necessary to fix the attention. Their dashes of pink and scarlet bring the faint shadow of the sun into the room. As for our painters, their works are hung behind a curtain, and we have to peer patiently through the dusk of evening to see what they mean. Out-of-door colours do not need to be gaudy—a mere dull stake of wood thrust in the ground often stands out sharper than the pink flashes of the French studio; a faggot; the outline of a leaf; low tints without reflecting power strike the eye as a bell the ear. To me they are intensely clear, and the clearer the greater the pleasure. It is often too great, for it takes me away from solid pursuits merely to receive the impression as water is still to reflect the trees. To me it is very painful when illness blots the definition of outdoor things, so wearisome not to see them rightly, and more oppressive

than actual pain. I feel as if I was struggling to wake up with dim, half-opened lids and heavy mind. This one yellowhammer still sits on the ash branch in Stewart's Mash over the sward, singing in the sun, his feathers freshly wet with colour, the same sun-song, and will sing to me so long as the heart shall beat.

The first conscious thought about wild flowers was to find out their names—the first conscious pleasure—and then I began to see so many that I had not previously noticed. Once you wish to identify them there is nothing escapes, down to the little white chickweed of the path and the moss of the wall. I put my hand on the bridge across the brook to lean over and look down into the water. Are there any fish? The bricks of the pier are covered with green, like a wall-painting to the surface of the stream, mosses along the lines of the mortar, and among the moss little plants—what are these? In the dry sunlit lane I look up to the top of the great wall about some domain, where the green figs look over upright on their stalks; there are dry plants on the coping—what are these? Some growing thus, high in the air, on stone, and in the chinks of the tower, suspended in dry air and sunshine; some low down under the arch of the bridge over the brook, out of sight utterly, unless you stoop by the brink of the water and project yourself forward to examine under. The kingfisher sees them as he shoots through the barrel of the culvert. There the sun direct never shines upon them, but the sunlight thrown up by the ripples runs all day in bright bars along the vault of the arch, playing on them. The stream arranges the sand in the shallow in bars, minute fixed undulations; the stream arranges the sunshine in successive flashes, undulating as if the sun, drowsy in the heat, were idly closing and unclosing his eyelids for sleep. Plants everywhere, hiding behind every tree, under the leaves, in the shady places, beside the dry furrows of the field; they are only just behind something, hidden openly. The instant you look for them they multiply a hundredfold; if you sit on the beach and begin to count the pebbles by you, their number instantly increases to infinity by virtue of that conscious act.

The bird's-foot lotus was the first. The boy must have seen it, must have trodden on it in the bare woodland pastures, certainly run about on it, with wet, naked feet from the bathing; but the boy was not conscious of it. This was the first, when the desire came to identify and to know, fixing upon it by means of a pale and feeble picture. In the largest pasture there were different soils and climates; it was so large it seemed a little

country of itself then ; the more so because the ground rose and fell, making a ridge to divide the view and enlarge by uncertainty. The high sandy soil on the ridge where the rabbits had their warren ; the rocky soil of the quarry ; the long grass by the elms where the rooks built, under whose nests there were vast unpalatable mushrooms—the true mushrooms with salmon gills grew nearer the warren ; the slope towards the nut-tree hedge and spring. Several climates in one field ; the windy ridge over which leaves were always driving in all four seasons of the year ; the level sunny plain and fallen cromlech still tall enough for a gnomon and to cast its shadow in the treeless drought ; the moist, warm, grassy depression ; the lotus-grown slope, warm and dry. If you have been living in one house in the country for some time, and then go on a visit to another, though hardly half a mile distant, you will find a change in the air, the feeling, and tone of the place. It is close by, but it is not the same. To discover these minute differences, which make one locality healthy and home happy, and the next adjoining unhealthy, the Chinese have invented the science of Feng-shui, spying about with cabalistic mystery, casting the horoscope of an acre. There is something in all superstitions ; they are often the foundation of science. Superstition having made the discovery, science composes a lecture on the reason why, and claims the credit. Bird's-foot lotus means a fortunate spot, dry, warm—so far as soil is concerned. If you were going to live out of doors, you might safely build your kibitka where you found it. Wandering with the pictured flower-book, just purchased, over the windy ridge where last year's skeleton leaves, blown out from the alder copse below, came on with grasshopper motion—lifted and laid down by the wind, lifted and laid down—I sat on the sward of the sheltered slope, and instantly recognised the orange-red claws of the flower beside me. That was the first, and this very morning, I dread to consider how many years afterwards, I found a plant on a wall which I do not know. I shall have to trace out its genealogy and emblazon its shield. So many years and still only at the beginning—the beginning, too, of the beginning—for as yet I have not thought of the garden or conservatory flowers (which are wild flowers somewhere), or of the tropics, or the prairies.

The great stone of the fallen cromlech crouching down, afar off in the plain behind me, cast its shadow in the sunny morn as it had done, so many summers, for centuries—for thousands of years. Worn white by the endless sunbeams—the ceaseless flood of light—the sunbeams of centuries, the impalpable beams polishing

and grinding like rushing water. Silent, yet witnessing of the Past; shadowing the Present on the dial of the field; a mere dull stone; but what is it the mind will not employ to express to itself its own thoughts?

There was a hollow near in which hundreds of skeleton leaves had settled, a stage on their journey from the alder copse, so thick as to cover the thin grass, and at the side of the hollow a wasp's nest had been torn out by a badger. On the soft and spreading sand thrown out from his burrow the print of his foot looked as large as an elephant might make. The wild animals of our fields are so small that the badger's foot seemed foreign in its size, calling up the thought of the great game of distant forests. He was a bold badger to make his burrow there in the open warren, unprotected by park walls or preserve laws, where every one might see who chose. I never saw him by daylight; that they do get about in daytime is, however, certain, for one was shot in Surrey recently by sportsmen; they say he weighed forty pounds.

In the midst all things are written in pictures—there is no alphabetical combination of letters and words; all things are pictures and symbols. The bird's-foot lotus is the picture to me of sunshine and summer, and of that summer in the heart which is known only in youth, and then not alone. No words could write that feeling, the bird's foot lotus writes it.

When the efforts to photograph began, the difficulty was to fix the scene thrown by the lens upon the plate. There the view appeared perfect to the least of details, worked out by the sun, and made as complete in miniature as that he shone upon in nature. But it faded like the shadows as the summer sun declines. Have you watched them in the fields among the flowers?—the deep strong mark of the noonday shadow of a tree such as the pen makes drawn heavily on the paper; gradually it loses its darkness and becomes paler and thinner at the edge as it lengthens and spreads, till shadow and grass mingle together. Image after image faded from the plates, no more to be fixed than the reflection in water of the trees by the shore. Memory like the sun paints to me bright pictures of the golden summer time of lotus; I can see them, but how shall I fix them for you? By no process can that be accomplished. It is like a story that cannot be told because he who knows it is tongue-tied and dumb. Motions of hands, wavings and gestures, rudely convey the framework, but the finish is not there.

To-day, and day after day, fresh pictures are coloured in-

stantaneously in the retina as bright and perfect in detail and hue. This very power is often, I think, the cause of pain to me. To see so clearly is to value so highly and to feel too deeply. The smallest of the pencilled branches of the bare ash-tree drawn distinctly against the winter sky, waving lines one within the other, yet following and partly parallel, reproducing in the curve of the twig the curve of the great trunk; is it not a pleasure to trace each to its ending? The raindrops as they slide from leaf to leaf in June, the balmy shower that re-perfumes each wild flower and green thing, drops lit with the sun, and falling to the chorus of the refreshed birds; is not this beautiful to see? On the grasses tall and heavy the purplish blue pollen, a shimmering dust, sown broadcast over the ripening meadow from July's warm hand—the bluish pollen, the lilac pollen of the grasses, a delicate mist of blue floating on the surface has always been an especial delight to me. Finches shake it from the stalks as they rise. No day, no hour of summer, no step but brings new mazes—there is no word to express design without plan, and these designs of flower and leaf and colours of the sun cannot be reduced to set order. The eye is for ever drawn onward and finds no end. To see these always so sharply, wet and fresh, is almost too much sometimes for the wearied yet insatiate eye. I am obliged to turn away—to shut my eyes and say I *will* not see, I will not observe; I will concentrate my mind on my own little path of life, and steadily gaze downwards. In vain. Who can do so, who can care alone for his or her petty trifles of existence, that has once entered amongst the wild flowers? How shall I shut out the sun? Shall I deny the constellations of the night? They are there; the Mystery is for ever about us—the question, the hope, the aspiration cannot be put out. So that it is almost a pain not to be able to cease observing and tracing the untraceable maze of beauty.

Blue veronica was the next identified, sometimes called germander speedwell, sometimes bird's-eye, whose leaves are so plain and petals so blue. Many names increase the trouble of identification, and confusion is made certain by the use of various systems of classification. The flower itself I knew, its name I could not be sure of, not even from the illustration which was incorrectly coloured; the central white spot of the flower was reddish in the plate. This incorrect colouring spoils much of the flower-picturing done; pictures of flowers and birds are rarely accurate unless hand-painted. Any one else, however, would have been quite satisfied that the identification was right. I

was too desirous to be correct, too conscientious, and thus a summer went by with little progress. If you really wish to identify with certainty, and have no botanist friend and no *magnum opus* of Sowerby to refer to, it is very difficult indeed to be quite sure. There was no Sowerby, no Bentham, no botanist friend—no one even to give the common country names; for it is a curious fact that the country people of the time rarely know the names put down as the vernacular for flowers in the books. No one there could tell me the name of the marsh-marigold which grew thickly in the water-meadows—‘A sort of big buttercup,’ that was all they knew. Commonest of common plants is the ‘sauce alone,’ in every hedge, on every bank, the whitish-green leaf is found, yet I could not make certain of it. If some one tells you a plant, you know it at once and never forget it, but to learn it from a book is another matter; it does not at once take root in the mind, it has to be seen several times before you are satisfied—you waver in your convictions. The leaves were described as large and heart-shaped, and to remain green (at the surface) through the winter; but the colour of the flower was omitted, though it was stated that the petals of the hedge-mustard were yellow. The plant that seemed to me to be probably ‘sauce alone’ had leaves somewhat heart-shaped, but so confusing is *partial* description that I began to think I had hit on ‘ransoms’ instead of ‘sauce alone,’ especially as ransoms was said to be a very common plant. So it is in some counties, but, as I afterwards found, there was not a plant of ransoms or garlic throughout the whole of that district. When some years afterwards I saw a white-flowered plant with leaves like the lily of the valley, smelling of garlic, in the woods of Somerset, I recognised it immediately. The plants that are really common—common everywhere—are not numerous, and if you are studying you must be careful to understand that word locally. My ‘sauce alone’ identification was right; to be right and not certain is still unsatisfactory.

There shone on the banks white stars among the grass. Petals delicately white in a whorl of rays—light that had started radiating from a centre and become fixed—shining among the flowerless green. The slender stem had grown so fast it had drawn its own root partly out of the ground, and when I tried to gather it, flower, stem and root came away together. The wheat was springing, the soft air full of the growth of warmth and moisture, blackbirds whistling, wood-pigeons nesting, young oak leaves out; a sense of swelling, sunny fullness in the atmosphere. The plain

road was made beautiful by the advanced boughs that overhung and cast their shadows on the dust, boughs of ash-green, shadows that lay still, listening to the nightingale. A place of enchantment in the mornings, where was felt the power of some subtle influence working behind bough and grass and bird-song. The orange-golden dandelion in the sward was deeply laden with colour brought to it anew again and again by the ships of the flowers, the humble-bees—to their quays they come unloading priceless essences of sweet odours brought from the East over the green seas of wheat, unloading priceless colours on the broad dandelion disks, bartering these things for honey and pollen. Slowly tacking aslant, the pollen ship hums in the south wind. The little brown wren finds her way through the great thicket of hawthorn. How does she know her path, hidden by a thousand thousand leaves? Tangled and crushed together by their own growth, a crown of thorns hangs over the thrush's nest; thorns for the mother, hope for the young. Is there a crown of thorns over your heart? A spike has gone deep enough into mine. The stile looks farther away because boughs have pushed forward and made it smaller. The willow scarce holds the sap that tightens the bark and would burst it if it did not enlarge to the pressure.

Two things can go through the solid oak; the lightning of the clouds that rends the iron timber, the lightning of the spring—the electricity of the sunbeams forcing him to stretch forth and lengthen his arms with joy. Bathed in buttercups to the dew-lap, the roan cows standing in the golden lake watched the hours with calm frontlet; watched the light descending, the meadows filling, with knowledge of long months of succulent clover; on their broad brows the year falls gently; their great, beautiful eyes, which need but a tear or a smile to make them human; without these such eyes, so large and full, seem above human life, eyes of the immortals enduring without passion; in these eyes as a mirror nature is reflected.

I came every day to walk slowly up and down the plain road, by the starry flowers under the ash-green boughs; ash is the coolest, softest green. The bees went drifting over by my head; as they cleared the hedges they passed by my ears, the wind singing in their shrill wings. White tent-walls of cloud—a warm white, being full to overflowing of sunshine—stretched across from ash-top to ash-top, a cloud-canvas roof, a tent-palace of the delicious air. For of all things there is none so sweet as sweet air—one great flower it is, drawn round

about, over, and enclosing, like Aphrodite's arms; as if the dome of the sky were a bell-flower drooping down over us, and the magical essence of it filling all the room of the earth. Sweetest of all things is wild-flower air. Full of their ideal the starry flowers strained upwards on the bank, striving to keep above the rude grasses that pushed by them; genius has ever had such a struggle. The plain road was made beautiful by the many thoughts it gave. I came every morning to stay by the star-lit bank.

A friend said, 'Why do you go the same road every day? Why not have a change and walk somewhere else sometimes? Why keep on up and down the same place?' I could not answer; till then it had not occurred to me that I did always go one way; as for the reason of it I could not tell; I continued in my old mind while the summers went away. Not till years afterwards was I able to see why I went the same round and did not care for change. I do not want change; I want the same old and loved things, the same wildflowers, the same trees and soft ash-green; the turtle-doves, the blackbirds, the coloured yellowhammer sing, sing, singing so long as there is light to cast a shadow on the dial, for such is the measure of his song, and I want them in the same place. Let me find them morning after morning, the starry-white petals radiating, striving upwards to their ideal. Let me see the idle shadows resting on the white dust; let me hear the humble-bees, and stay to look down on the rich dandelion disk. Let me see the very thistles opening their great crowns; I should miss the thistles. The reed-grasses hiding the moorhen; the bryony bine, at first crudely ambitious and lifted by force of youthful sap straight above the hedgerow to sink of its own weight presently and progress with crafty tendrils; swifts shot through the air with outstretched wings like crescent-headed shaftless arrows darted from the clouds; the chaffinch with a feather in her bill; all the living staircase of the spring, step by step, upwards to the great gallery of the summer—let me watch the same succession year by year. Why, I knew the very dates of them all—the reddening elm, the arum, the hawthorn leaf, the celandine, the may; the yellow iris of the waters, the heath of the hillside. The time of the nightingale—the place to hear the first note; onwards to the drooping fern and the time of the redwing—the place of *his* first note, so welcome to the sportsman as the acorn ripens and the pheasant, come to the age of manhood, feeds himself. Onwards to the shadowless days—the long shadowless winter, for in winter

it is the shadows we miss as much as the light. They lie over the summer sward, design upon design, dark lace on green and gold; they glorify the sunlight; they repose on the distant hills like gods upon Olympus; without shadow, what even is the sun? At the foot of the great cliffs by the sea you may know this, it is dry glare; mighty ocean is dearer as the shadows of the clouds sweep over as they sweep over the green corn. Past the shadowless winter, when it is all shade, and therefore no shadow; onwards to the first coltsfoot and on to the seedtime again; I knew the dates of all of them. I did not want change; I wanted the same flowers to return on the same day, the titlark to rise soaring from the same oak to fetch down love with a song from heaven to his mate on the nest beneath. No change, no new thing; if I found a fresh wildflower in a fresh place, still it wove at once into the old garland. In vain, the very next year was different even in the same place—that had been a year of rain, and the flag flowers were wonderful to see; *this* was a dry year, and the flags not half the height, the gold of the flower not so deep; next year the fatal billhook came and swept away a slow-grown hedge that had given me crab-blossom in cuckoo-time and hazelnuts in harvest. Never again the same even in the same place. A little feather droops downwards to the ground—a swallow's feather fuller of miracle than the Pentateuch—how shall that feather be placed again in the breast where it grew? Nothing twice. Time changes the places that knew us, and if we go back in after years, still even then it is not the old spot; the gate swings differently, new thatch has been put on the old gables, the road has been widened, and the sward the driven sheep lingered on is gone. Who dares to think then? For faces fade as flowers, and there is no help but God. So now I am sure I was right in always walking the same way by the starry flowers striving upwards on a slender ancestry of stem; I would follow the plain old road to-day if I could. Let change be far from me; that irresistible change must come is bitter indeed. Give me the old road, the same flowers—they were only stitchwort—the old succession of days and garland, ever weaving into it fresh wildflowers from far and near. Fetch them from distant mountains, discover them on decaying walls, in unsuspected corners; though never seen before, still they are the same: there has been a place in the heart waiting for them.

RICHARD JEFFERIES.

Prince Otto:

A ROMANCE.

By R. L. STEVENSON.

BOOK II.—OF LOVE AND POLITICS.

CHAPTER VII.

THE PRINCE DISSOLVES THE COUNCIL.

IT was as Gotthold wrote. The liberation of Sir John, Greisengesang's uneasy narrative, last of all, the scene between Seraphina and the Prince, had decided the conspirators to take a step of bold timidity. There had been a period of bustle, liveried messengers speeding here and there with notes; and at half-past ten in the morning, about an hour before its usual hour, the council of Grünewald sat around the board.

It was not a large body. At the instance of Gondremark, it had undergone a strict purgation, and was now composed exclusively of tools. Three secretaries sat at a side table. Seraphina took the head; on her right was the Baron, on her left Greisengesang; below these Grafinski the treasurer, Count Eisenthal, a couple of non-combatants, and, to the surprise of all, Gotthold. He had been named a privy-councillor by Otto, merely that he might profit by the salary; and as he was never known to attend a meeting, it had occurred to nobody to cancel his appointment. His present appearance was the more ominous, coming when it did. Gondremark scowled upon him; and the non-combatant on his right, intercepting this black look, edged away from one who was so clearly out of favour.

'The hour presses, your Highness,' said the Baron; 'may we proceed to business?'

'At once,' replied Seraphina.

'Your Highness will pardon me,' said Gotthold; 'but you are still perhaps unacquainted with the fact that Prince Otto has returned.'

'The Prince will not attend the council,' replied Seraphina, with a momentary blush. 'The despatches, Herr Cancellarius? There is one for Gerolstein?'

A secretary brought a paper.

'Here, madam,' said Greisengesang. 'Shall I read it?'

'We are all familiar with its terms,' replied Gondremark. 'Your Highness approves?'

'Unhesitatingly,' said Seraphina.

'It may then be held as read,' concluded the Baron. 'Will your Highness sign?'

The Princess did so; Gondremark, Eisenthal, and one of the non-combatants followed suit; and the paper was then passed across the table to the librarian. He proceeded leisurely to read.

'We have no time to spare, Herr Doctor,' cried the Baron brutally. 'If you do not choose to sign on the authority of your sovereign, pass it on. Or you may leave the table,' he added, his temper ripping out.

'I decline your invitation, Herr von Gondremark; and my sovereign, as I continue to observe with regret, is still absent from the board,' replied the Doctor calmly; and he resumed the perusal of the paper; the rest chafing and exchanging glances. 'Madam and gentlemen,' he said at last, 'what I hold in my hand is simply a declaration of war.'

'Simply,' said Seraphina, flashing defiance.

'The sovereign of this country is under the same roof with us,' continued Gotthold, 'and I insist he shall be summoned. It is needless to adduce my reasons; you are all ashamed at heart of this projected treachery.'

The council waved like a sea. There were various outcries. 'You insult the Princess,' thundered Gondremark.

'I maintain my protest,' replied Gotthold.

At the height of this confusion, the door was thrown open; an usher announced, 'Gentlemen, the Prince!' and Otto, with his most excellent bearing, entered the apartment. It was like oil upon the troubled waters; every one settled instantly into his place, and Greisengesang, to give himself a countenance, became absorbed in the arrangement of his papers; but in their eagerness to dissemble, one and all neglected to rise.

'Gentlemen,' said the Prince, pausing.

They all got to their feet in a moment; and this reproof still further demoralised the weaker brethren.

The Prince moved slowly towards the lower end of the table; then he paused again, and, fixing his eye on Greisengesang, 'How comes it, Herr Cancellarius,' he asked, 'that I have received no notice of the change of hour?'

'Your Highness,' replied the Chancellor, 'her Highness the Princess——' and there paused.

'I understood,' said Seraphina, taking him up, 'that you did not purpose to be present.'

Their eyes met for a second, and Seraphina's fell; but her anger only burned the brighter for that private shame.

'And now, gentlemen,' said Otto, taking his chair, 'I pray you to be seated. I have been absent, there are doubtless some arrears; but ere we proceed to business, Herr Grafinski, you will direct four thousand crowns to be sent to me at once. Make a note, if you please,' he added, as the treasurer still stared in wonder.

'Four thousand crowns?' asked Seraphina. 'Pray, for what?'

'Madam,' returned Otto, smiling, 'for my own purposes.'

Gondremark spurred up Grafinski underneath the table. 'If your Highness will indicate the destination——' began the puppet.

'You are not here, sir, to interrogate your Prince,' said Otto.

Grafinski looked for help to his commander; and Gondremark came to his aid, in suave and measured tones. 'Your Highness may reasonably be surprised,' he said; 'and Herr Grafinski, although I am convinced he is clear of the intention of offending, would have perhaps done better to begin with an explanation. The resources of the State are at the present moment entirely swallowed up, or, as we hope to prove, wisely invested. In a month from now, I do not question we shall be able to meet any command your Highness may lay upon us; but at this hour I fear that, even in so small a matter, he must prepare himself for disappointment. Our zeal is no less, although our power may be inadequate.'

'How much, Herr Grafinski, have we in the treasury?' asked Otto.

'Your Highness,' protested the treasurer, 'we have immediate need of every crown.'

'I think, sir, you evade me,' flashed the Prince; and then turning to the side table, 'Mr. Secretary,' he added, 'bring me, if you please, the treasury docket.'

Herr Grafinski became deadly pale; the chancellor, expecting his own turn, was probably engaged in prayer; Gondremark was watching like a ponderous cat. Gotthold, on his part, looked on with wonder at his cousin; he was certainly showing spirit, but what, in such a time of gravity, was all this talk of money? and why should he waste his strength upon a personal issue?

'I find,' said Otto, with his finger on the docket, 'that we have 20,000 crowns in case.'

'That is exact, your Highness,' replied the Baron. 'But our liabilities, all of which are happily not liquid, amount to a far

larger sum; and at the present point of time, it would be morally impossible to divert a single florin. Essentially, the case is empty. We have, already presented, a large note for material of war.'

'Material of war?' exclaimed Otto, with an excellent assumption of surprise. 'But if my memory serves me right, we settled these accounts in January.'

'There have been further orders,' the Baron explained. 'A new park of artillery has been completed; five hundred stand of arms, seven hundred baggage mules—the details are in a special memorandum. Mr. Secretary Holtz, the memorandum, if you please.'

'One would think, gentlemen, that we were going to war,' said Otto.

'We are,' said Seraphina.

'War!' cried the Prince, 'And, gentlemen, with whom? The peace of Grünwald has endured for centuries. What aggression, what insult, have we suffered?'

'Here, your Highness,' said Gotthold, 'is the ultimatum. It was in the very article of signature, when your Highness so opportunely entered.'

Otto laid the paper before him; as he read, his fingers played tattoo upon the table. 'Was it proposed,' he inquired, 'to send this paper forth without a knowledge of my pleasure?'

One of the non-combatants, eager to trim, volunteered an answer. 'The Herr Doctor von Hohenstockwitz had just entered his dissent,' he added.

'Give me the rest of this correspondence,' said the Prince. It was handed to him, and he read it patiently from end to end, while the councillors sat foolishly enough looking before them on the table. The secretaries, in the background, were exchanging glances of delight: a row at the council was for them a rare and welcome feature.

'Gentlemen,' said Otto, when he had finished, 'I have read with pain. This claim upon Obermünsterol is palpably unjust; it has not a tincture, not a show of justice. There is not in all this ground enough for after-dinner talk, and you propose to force it as a *casus belli*.'

'Certainly, your Highness,' returned Gondremark, too wise to defend the indefensible, 'the claim on Obermünsterol is simply a pretext.'

'It is well,' said the Prince. 'Herr Cancellarius, take your pen. "The council,"' he began to dictate—'I withhold all notice of my intervention,' he said, in parenthesis and addressing himself more directly to his wife; 'and I say nothing of the strange

suppression by which this business has been smuggled past my knowledge. I am content to be in time—"The council," he resumed, "on a further examination of the facts, and enlightened by the note in the last despatch from Gerolstein, have the pleasure to announce that they are entirely at one, both as to fact and sentiment, with the Grand Ducal Court of Gerolstein." You have it? Upon these lines, sir, you will draw up the despatch.'

'If your Highness will allow me,' said the Baron, 'your Highness is so imperfectly acquainted with the internal history of this correspondence, that any interference will be merely hurtful. Such a paper as your Highness proposes would be to stultify the whole previous policy of Grünewald.'

'The policy of Grünewald!' cried the Prince. 'One would suppose you had no sense of humour! Would you fish in a coffee-cup?'

'With deference, your Highness,' returned the Baron, 'even in a coffee-cup, there may be poison. The purpose of this war is not simply territorial enlargement; still less is it a war of glory; for, as your Highness indicates, the state of Grünewald is too small to be ambitious. But the body politic is seriously diseased; republicanism, socialism, many disintegrating ideas are abroad; circle within circle, a really formidable organisation has grown up about your Highness's throne.'

'I have heard of it, Herr von Gondremark,' put in the Prince; 'but I have reason to be aware that yours is the more authoritative information.'

'I am honoured by this expression of my Prince's confidence,' returned Gondremark, unabashed. 'It is, therefore, with a single eye to these disorders, that our present external policy has been shaped. Something was required to divert public attention, to employ the idle, to popularise your Highness's rule, and, if it were possible, to enable him to reduce the taxes at a blow and to a notable amount. The proposed expedition—for it cannot without hyperbole be called a war—seemed to the council to combine the various characters required; a marked improvement in the public sentiment has followed even upon our preparations; and I cannot doubt that when success shall follow, the effect will surpass even our boldest hopes.'

'You are very adroit, Herr von Gondremark,' said Otto. 'You fill me with admiration. I had not heretofore done justice to your qualities.'

Seraphina looked up with joy, supposing Otto conquered; but Gondremark still waited, armed at every point; he knew how very stubborn is the revolt of a weak character.

‘And the territorial army scheme, to which I was persuaded to consent—was it secretly directed to the same end?’ the Prince asked.

‘I still believe the effect to have been good,’ replied the Baron; ‘discipline and mounting guard are excellent sedatives. But I will avow to your Highness, I was unaware, at the date of that decree, of the magnitude of the revolutionary movement; nor did any of us, I think, imagine that such a territorial army was a part of the republican proposals.’

‘It was?’ asked Otto. ‘Strange! Upon what fancied grounds?’

‘The grounds were indeed fanciful,’ returned the Baron. ‘It was conceived among the leaders that a territorial army, drawn from and returning to the people, would, in the event of any popular uprising, prove lukewarm or unfaithful to the throne.’

‘I see,’ said the Prince. ‘I begin to understand.’

‘His Highness begins to understand?’ repeated Gondremark, with the sweetest politeness. ‘May I beg of him to complete the phrase?’

‘The history of the revolution,’ replied Otto drily. ‘And now,’ he added, ‘what do you conclude?’

‘I conclude, your Highness, with a simple reflection,’ said the Baron, accepting the stab without a quiver. ‘The war is popular; were the rumour contradicted to-morrow, a considerable disappointment would be felt in many classes; and in the present tension of spirits, the most lukewarm sentiment may be enough to precipitate events. There lies the danger. The revolution hangs imminent; we sit, at this council board, below the sword of Damocles.’

‘We must then lay our heads together,’ said the Prince, ‘and devise some honourable means of safety.’

Up to this moment, since the first note of opposition fell from the librarian, Seraphina had uttered about twenty words. With a somewhat heightened colour, her eyes generally lowered, her foot sometimes nervously tapping on the floor, she had kept her own counsel and commanded her anger like a hero. But at this stage of the engagement, she lost control of her impatience.

‘Means!’ she cried. ‘They have been found and prepared, before you knew the need for them. Sign the despatch, and let us be done with this delay.’

‘Madam, I said “honourable,”’ returned Otto, bowing. ‘This war is, in my eyes and by Herr von Gondremark’s account, an inadmissible expedient. If we have misgoverned here in Grünewald, are the people of Gerolstein to bleed and pay for our misdoings? Never, madam; not while I live. But I attach so much

importance to all that I have heard to-day for the first time—and why only to-day, I do not even stop to ask—that I am eager to find some plan that I can follow with credit to myself.’

‘And should you fail?’ she asked.

‘Should I fail, I will then meet the blow halfway,’ replied the Prince. ‘On the first open discontent, I shall convoke the States and, when it pleases them to bid me, abdicate.’

Seraphina laughed angrily. ‘This is the man for whom we have been labouring!’ she cried. ‘We tell him of change; he will devise the means, he says; and his device is abdication! Sir, have you no shame to come here at the eleventh hour among those who have borne the heat and burden of the day? Do you not wonder at yourself? I, sir, was here in my place, striving to uphold your dignity alone. I took counsel with the wisest I could find, while you were eating and hunting. I have laid my plans with foresight; they were ripe for action; and then—’ she choked—‘then you return—for a forenoon—to ruin all! To-morrow, you will be once more about your pleasures; you will give us leave once more to think and work for you; and again you will come back, and again you will thwart what you had not the industry or knowledge to conceive. Oh! it is intolerable. Be modest, sir. Do not presume upon the rank you cannot worthily uphold. I would not issue my commands with so much gusto—it is from no merit in yourself they are obeyed. What are you? What have you to do in this grave council? Go,’ she cried, ‘go among your equals! The very people in the streets mock at you for a prince.’

At this surprising outburst the whole council sat aghast.

‘Madam,’ said the Baron, alarmed out of his caution, ‘command yourself.’

‘Address yourself to me, sir!’ cried the Prince. ‘I will not bear these whisperings!’

Seraphina burst into tears.

‘Sir,’ cried the Baron, rising, ‘this lady—’

‘Herr von Gondremark,’ said the Prince, ‘one more observation, and I place you under arrest.’

‘Your Highness is the master,’ replied Gondremark, bowing.

‘Bear it in mind more constantly,’ said Otto. ‘Herr Cancellarius, bring all the papers to my cabinet. Gentlemen, the council is dissolved.’

And he bowed and left the apartment, followed by Greisinger and the secretaries, just at the moment when the Princess’s ladies, summoned in all haste, entered by another door to help her forth.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE PARTY OF WAR TAKES ACTION.

HALF an hour after, Gondremark was once more closeted with Seraphina.

‘Where is he now?’ she asked, on his arrival.

‘Madam, he is with the Chancellor,’ replied the Baron.
‘Wonder of wonders, he is at work!’

‘Ah,’ she said, ‘he was born to torture me! Oh, what a fall, what a humiliation! Such a scheme to wreck upon so small a trifle! Who could have dreamed he would become a bully? But now all is lost.’

‘Madam,’ said Gondremark, ‘nothing is lost. Something on the other hand is found. You have found your senses; you see him as he is—see him as you see everything where your too-good heart is not in question—with the judicial, with the statesman’s eye. So long as he had a right to interfere, the empire that may be was still distant. I have not entered on this course without the plain foresight of its dangers; and even for this I was prepared. But, madam, I knew two things: I knew that you were born to command, that I was born to serve; I knew that by a rare conjuncture, the hand had found the tool; and from the first I was confident, as I am confident to-day, that no hereditary trifle has the power to shatter that alliance.’

‘I, born to command!’ she said. ‘Do you forget my tears?’

‘Madam, they were the tears of Alexander,’ cried the Baron.
‘They touched, they thrilled me; I forgot myself a moment—even I! But do you suppose that I had not remarked, that I had not admired, your previous bearing? your great self-command? Ay, that was princely!’ He paused. ‘It was a thing to see. O! I drank confidence! I tried to imitate your calm. And I was well inspired; in my heart, I think that I was well inspired; that any man, within the reach of argument, had been convinced! But it was not to be; nor, madam, do I regret the failure. Let us be open; let me disclose my heart. I have loved two things, not unworthily: Grünewald and my sovereign!’ Here he kissed her hand. ‘Either I must resign my ministry, leave the land of my adoption and the queen whom I had chosen to obey—or——’ He paused again.

‘Alas, Herr von Gondremark, there is no “or,”’ said Seraphina.

'Nay, madam, give me time,' he replied. 'When first I saw you, you were still young; not every man would have remarked your powers; but I had not been twice honoured by your conversation, ere I had found my mistress. I have, madam, I believe, some genius; and I have much ambition. But the genius is of the serving kind; and to offer a career to my ambition, I had to find one born to rule. This is the base and essence of our union; each had need of the other; each recognised, master and servant, lever and fulcrum, the complement of his endowment. Marriages, they say, are made in heaven: how much more these pure, laborious, intellectual fellowships, born to found empires! Nor is this all. We found each other ripe, filled with great ideas that took shape and clarified with every word. We grew together—ay, madam, in mind we grew together like twin children. All of my life until we met, was petty and groping; was it not—I will flatter myself openly—it *was* the same with you! Not till then had you those eagle surveys, that wide and hopeful sweep of intuition! Thus we had formed ourselves, and we were ready.'

'It is true,' she cried. 'I feel it. Yours is the genius; your generosity confounds your insight; all I could offer you was the position, was this throne, to be a fulcrum. But I offered it without reserve; I entered at least warmly into all your thoughts; you were sure of me—sure of my support—certain of justice. Tell me, tell me again, that I have helped you.'

'Nay, madam,' he said, 'you made me. In everything you were my inspiration. And as we prepared our policy, weighing every step, how often have I had to admire your perspicacity, your man-like diligence and fortitude! You know that these are not the words of flattery; your conscience echoes them; have you spared a day, have you indulged yourself in any pleasure? Young and beautiful, you have lived a life of high intellectual effort, of irksome intellectual patience with details. Well, you have your reward: with the fall of Brandenau, the throne of your Empire is founded.'

'What thought have you in your mind?' she asked. 'Is not all ruined?'

'Nay, my Princess, the same thought is in both our minds,' he said.

'Herr von Gondremark,' she replied, 'by all that I hold sacred, I have none; I do not think at all; I am crushed.'

'You are looking at the passionate side of a rich nature, misunderstood and recently insulted,' said the Baron. 'Look into your intellect, and tell me.'

'I find nothing, nothing but tumult,' she replied.

'You find one word branded, madam,' returned the Baron :
"Abdication!"'

'O!' she cried. 'The coward! He leaves me to bear all, and in the hour of trial, stabs me from behind. There is nothing in him, not respect, not love, not courage—his wife, his dignity, his throne, the honour of his father, he forgets them all! Incarnate milk! how I despise him!'

'Yes,' pursued the Baron, 'the word Abdication. I perceive a glimmering there.'

'I read your fancy,' she returned. 'It is mere madness, midsummer madness. Baron, I am more unpopular than he. You know it. They can excuse, they can love, his weakness; but me, they hate.'

'Such is the gratitude of peoples,' said the Baron. 'But we trifle. Here, madam, are my plain thoughts. The man who in the hour of danger speaks of abdication is, for me, a venomous animal. I speak with the bluntness of gravity, madam; this is no hour for mincing. The coward, in a station of authority, is more dangerous than fire. We dwell on a volcano; if this man can have his way, Grünewald, before a week, will have been deluged with innocent blood. You know the truth of what I say; we have looked unblenching into this ever-possible catastrophe. To him it is nothing: he will abdicate! Abdicate, just God! and this unhappy country committed to his charge, and the lives of men and the honour of women——' His voice appeared to fail him; in an instant, he had conquered his emotion and resumed: 'But you, madam, conceive more worthily of your responsibilities. I am with you in the thought; and in the face of the horrors that I see impending, I say, and your heart repeats it—we have gone too far to pause. Honour, duty, ay, and the care of our own lives, demand we should proceed.'

She was looking at him, her brow thoughtfully knitted. 'I feel it,' she said. 'But how? He has the power.'

'The power, madam? The power is in the army,' he replied; and then hastily, ere she could intervene, 'we have to save ourselves,' he went on; 'I have to save my Princess, she has to save her minister; we have both of us to save this infatuated youth from his own madness. He, in the outbreak, would be the earliest victim; I see him,' he cried, 'torn in pieces; and Grünewald, unhappy Grünewald! Nay, madam, you who have the power must use it; it lies hard upon your conscience.'

'Show me how!' she cried. 'Suppose I were to place him under some constraint? the revolution would break upon us instantly.'

The Baron feigned defeat. 'It is true,' he said. 'You see more clearly than I do. Yet there should, there must be some way.' And he waited for his chance.

'No,' she said, 'I told you from the first there is no remedy. Our hopes are lost: lost by one miserable trifler, ignorant, fretful, fitful—who will have disappeared to-morrow, who knows? to his boorish pleasures!'

Any peg would do for Gondremark. 'The thing!' he cried, striking his brow. 'Fool, not to have thought of it! Madam, without perhaps knowing it, you have solved our problem.'

'What do you mean? Speak!' she said.

He appeared to collect himself; and then, with a smile, 'The Prince,' he said, 'must go once more a-hunting.'

'Ay, if he would!' cried she, 'and stay there!'

'And stay there,' echoed the Baron. It was so significantly said, that her face changed; and the schemer, fearful of the sinister ambiguity of his expressions, hastened to explain. 'This time he shall go hunting in a carriage, with a good escort of our foreign lancers. His destination shall be the Felsenburg; it is healthy, the rock is high, the windows are small and barred; it might have been built on purpose. We shall entrust the captaincy to the Scotchman Gordon; he at least will have no scruple. Who will miss the sovereign? He is gone hunting; he came home on Tuesday, on Thursday he returned; all is usual in that. Meanwhile, the war proceeds; our Prince will soon weary of his solitude; and about the time of our triumph or, if he prove very obstinate, a little later, he shall be released upon a proper understanding, and I see him once more directing his theatricals.'

Seraphina sat gloomy, plunged in thought. 'Yes,' she said suddenly, 'and the despatch? He is now writing it.'

'It cannot pass the council before Friday,' replied Gondremark; 'and as for any private note, the messengers are all at my disposal. Picked men, madam. I am a person of precaution.'

'It would appear so,' she said, with a flash of her occasional repugnance to the man; and then after a pause 'Herr von Gondremark,' she added, 'I recoil from this extremity.'

'I share your Highness's repugnance,' answered he. 'But what would you have? We are defenceless, else.'

'I see it. But this is sudden. It is a public crime,' she said, nodding at him with a sort of horror.

'Look but a little deeper,' he returned, 'and whose is the crime?'

'His!' she cried. 'His, before God! And I hold him liable But still——'

'It is not as if he would be harmed,' submitted Gondremark.

'I know it,' she replied, but it was still unheartily.

And then, as brave men are entitled, by prescriptive right as old as the world's history, to the alliance and the active help of Fortune, the punctual goddess stepped from the machine. One of the Princess's ladies begged to enter; a man, it appeared, had brought a line for the Freiherr von Gondremark. It proved to be a pencil billet, which the crafty Greisengesang had found the means to scribble and despatch under the very guns of Otto; and the daring of the act bore testimony to the terror of the actor. For Greisengesang had but one influential motive: fear. The note ran thus: 'At the first council, procurement to be withdrawn. Corn. Greis.'

So, after three years of exercise, the right of signature was to be stripped from Seraphina. It was more than an insult; it was a public disgrace; and she did not pause to consider how she had earned it, but morally bounded under the attack as bounds the wounded tiger.

'Enough,' she said; 'I will sign the order. When shall he leave?'

'It will take me twelve hours to collect my men, and it had best be done at night. To-morrow midnight, if you please?' answered the Baron.

'Excellent,' she said. 'My door is always open to you, Baron. As soon as the order is prepared, bring it me to sign.'

'Madam,' he said, 'alone of all of us you do not risk your head in this adventure. For that reason, and to prevent all hesitation, I venture to propose the order should be in your hand throughout.'

'You are right,' she replied.

He laid a form before her, and she wrote the order in a clear hand, and re-read it. Suddenly a cruel smile came on her face. 'I had forgotten his puppet,' said she. 'They will keep each other company.' And she interlined and initialed the condemnation of Doctor Gotthold.

'Your Highness has more memory than her servant,' said the Baron; and then he, in his turn, carefully perused the fateful paper. 'Good,' said he.

'You will appear in the drawing-room, Baron?' she asked.

'I thought it better,' said he, 'to avoid the possibility of a public affront. Anything that shook my credit might hamper us in the immediate future.'

'You are right,' she said; and she held out her hand as to an old friend and equal.

CHAPTER IX.

THE PRICE OF THE RIVER FARM; IN WHICH VAIN GLORY GOES BEFORE A FALL.

THE pistol had been practically fired. Under ordinary circumstances the scene at the council table would have entirely exhausted Otto's store both of energy and anger; he would have begun to examine and condemn his conduct, have remembered all that was true, forgotten all that was unjust in Seraphina's onslaught; and by half an hour after, would have fallen into that state of mind in which a catholic flees to the confessional and a sot takes refuge in the bottle. Two matters of detail preserved his spirits. For, first, he had still an infinity of business to transact; and to transact business, for a man of Otto's neglectful and procrastinating habits, is the best anodyne for conscience. All the afternoon he was hard at it with the Chancellor, reading, dictating, signing and despatching papers; and this kept him in a glow of self-approval. But, secondly, his vanity was still alarmed; he had failed to get the money; to-morrow before noon he would have to disappoint old Killian; and in the eyes of that family which counted him so little, and to which he had sought to play the part of the heroic comforter, he must sink lower than at first. To a man of Otto's temper, this was death. He could not accept the situation. And even as he worked, and worked wisely and well, over the hated details of his principality, he was secretly maturing a plan by which to turn the situation. It was a scheme, as pleasing to the man as it was dishonourable in the prince; in which his frivolous nature found and took vengeance for the gravity and burden of the afternoon. He chuckled as he thought of it: and Greisinger heard him with wonder, and attributed his lively spirits to the skirmish of the morning.

Led by this idea, the antique courtier ventured to compliment his sovereign on his bearing. It reminded him, he said, of Otto's father.

'What?' asked the Prince, whose thoughts were miles away.

'Your Highness's authority at the board,' explained the flatterer.

'O, that! O yes,' returned Otto; but for all his carelessness, his vanity was delicately tickled, and his mind returned and dwelt approvingly over the details of his victory. 'I quelled them all,' he thought.

When the more pressing matters had been dismissed, it was already late, and Otto kept the Chancellor to dinner, and was entertained with a leash of ancient histories and modern compliments. The Chancellor's career had been based, from the first off-put, on entire subserviency; he had crawled into honours and employments; and his mind was prostitute. The instinct of the creature served him well with Otto. First, he let fall a sneering word or two upon the female intellect; thence he proceeded to a closer engagement; and before the third course he was artfully dissecting Seraphina's character to her approving husband. Of course no names were used; and of course the identity of that abstract or ideal man, with whom she was currently contrasted, remained an open secret. But this stiff old gentleman had a wonderful instinct for evil, thus to wind his way into man's citadel; thus to harp by the hour on the virtues of his hearer and not once alarm his self-respect. Otto was all roseate, in and out, with flattery and Tokay and an approving conscience. He saw himself in the most attractive colours. If even Greisengesang, he thought, could thus espy the loose stitches in Seraphina's character, and thus disloyally impart them to the opposite camp, he, the discarded husband—the dispossessed Prince—could scarce have erred on the side of severity.

In this excellent frame he bade adieu to the old gentleman, whose voice had proved so musical, and set forth for the drawing-room. Already in the stair, he was seized with some compunction; but when he entered the great gallery and beheld his wife, the Chancellor's abstract flatteries fell from him like rain, and he re-awoke to the poetic facts of life. She stood a good way off below a shining lustre, her back turned. The bend of her waist overcame him with a physical weakness. This was the girl-wife who had lain in his arms and whom he had sworn to cherish; there was she, who was better than success.

It was Seraphina who restored him from the blow. She swam forward and smiled upon her husband with a sweetness that was insultingly artificial. 'Frédéric,' she lisped, 'you are late.' It was a scene of high comedy, such as is proper to unhappy marriages; and her aplomb disgusted him.

There was no etiquette at these small drawing-rooms. People

came and went at pleasure. The window embrasures became the roost of happy couples; at the great chimney, the talkers mostly congregated, each full-charged with scandal; and down at the farther end the gamblers gambled. It was towards this point that Otto moved, not ostentatiously, but with a gentle insistence, and scattering attentions as he went. Once abreast of the card-table, he placed himself opposite to Madam von Rosen, and, as soon as he had caught her eye, withdrew to the embrasure of a window. There she had speedily joined him.

'You did well to call me,' she said, a little wildly. 'These cards will be my ruin.'

'Leave them,' said Otto.

'I!' she cried, and laughed, 'they are my destiny. My only chance was to die of a consumption; now I must die in a garret.'

'You are bitter to-night,' said Otto.

'I have been losing,' she replied. 'You do not know what greed is.'

'I have come, then, in an evil hour,' said he.

'Ah, you wish a favour!' she cried, brightening beautifully.

'Madam,' said he, 'I am about to found my party, and I come to you for a recruit.'

'Done,' said the Countess. 'I am a man again.'

'I may be wrong,' continued Otto, 'but I believe upon my heart you wish me no ill.'

'I wish you so well,' she said, 'that I dare not tell it you.'

'Then if I ask my favour?' quoth the Prince.

'Ask it, mon Prince,' she answered; 'whatever it is, it is granted.'

'I wish you,' he returned, 'this very night to make the farmer your talk.'

'Heaven knows your meaning!' she exclaimed. 'I know not, neither care; there are no bounds to my desire to please you. Call him made.'

'I will put it in another way,' returned Otto. 'Did you ever steal?'

'Often!' cried the Countess. 'I have broken all the ten commandments; and if there were more to-morrow I should not sleep till I had broken these.'

'This is a case of burglary: to say truth, I thought it would amuse you,' said the Prince.

'I have no practical experience,' she replied, 'but O! the good-will! I have broken a workbox in my time, and several hearts, my own included. Never a house! But it cannot be

difficult ; sins are so unromantically easy ! What are we to break ?

‘Madam, we are to break the treasury,’ said Otto ; and he sketched to her briefly, wittily, with here and there a touch of pathos, the story of his visit to the farm, of his promise to buy it, and of the refusal with which his demand for money had been met that morning at the council ; concluding with a few practical words as to the treasury windows, and the helps and hindrances of the proposed exploit.

‘They refused you the money,’ she said, when he had done. ‘And you accepted the refusal ? Well !’

‘They gave their reasons,’ replied Otto, colouring. ‘They were not such as I could combat ; and I am driven to dilapidate the funds of my own country by a theft. It is not dignified ; but it is fun.’

‘Fun,’ she said, ‘yes.’ And then she remained silently plunged in thought for an appreciable time. ‘How much do you require ?’ she asked at length.

‘Three thousand crowns will do,’ he answered, ‘for I have still some money of my own.’

‘Excellent,’ she said, regaining her levity. ‘I am your true accomplice. And where are we to meet ?’

‘You know the Flying Mercury,’ he answered, ‘in the Park ? Three pathways intersect ; there they have made a seat and raised the statue. The spot is handy, and the deity congenial.’

‘Child,’ she said, and tapped him with her fan. ‘But do you know, my Prince, you are an egoist—your handy trysting-place is miles from me. You must give me ample time ; I cannot, I think, possibly be there before two. But as the bell beats two, your helper shall arrive : welcome, I trust. Stay—do you bring any one ?’ she added. ‘O, it is not for a chaperone—I am not a prude !’

‘I shall bring a groom of mine,’ said Otto. ‘I caught him stealing corn.’

‘His name ?’ she asked.

‘I profess I know not. I am not yet intimate with my corn-stealer,’ returned the Prince. ‘It was in a professional capacity—’

‘Like me ! Flatterer !’ she cried. ‘But oblige me in one thing. Let me find you waiting at the seat—yes, you shall await me ; for on this expedition it shall be no longer Prince and Countess, it shall be the lady and the squire—and your friend the thief shall be no nearer than the fountain. Do you promise ?’

‘Madam, in everything you are to command; you shall be captain, I am but supercargo,’ answered Otto.

‘Well, Heaven bring all safe to port!’ she said. ‘It is not Friday!’

Something in her manner had puzzled Otto, had possibly touched him with suspicion. ‘Is it not strange,’ he remarked, ‘that I should choose my accomplice from the other camp?’

‘Fool!’ she said. ‘But it is your only wisdom that you know your friends.’ And suddenly, in the vantage of the deep window, she caught up his hand and kissed it with a sort of passion. ‘Now go,’ she added, ‘go at once.’

He went, somewhat staggered, doubting in his heart that he was overbold. For in that moment she had flashed upon him like a jewel; and even through the strong panoply of a previous love he had been conscious of a shock. Next moment he had dismissed the fear.

Both Otto and the Countess retired early from the drawing-room; and the Prince, after an elaborate feint, dismissed his valet and went forth by the private passage and the back postern in quest of the groom.

Once more the stable was in darkness, once more Otto employed the talismanic knock, and once more the groom appeared and sickened with terror. ‘Good evening, friend,’ said Otto, pleasantly. ‘I want you to bring a corn sack—empty this time—and to accompany me. We shall be gone all night.’

‘Your Highness,’ groaned the man, ‘I have the charge of the small stables. I am here alone.’

‘Come,’ said the Prince, ‘you are no such martinet in duty.’ And then seeing that the man was shaking from head to foot, Otto laid a hand upon his shoulder. ‘If I meant you harm,’ he said, ‘should I be here?’

The fellow became instantly reassured. He got the sack; and Otto led him round by several paths and avenues, conversing pleasantly by the way, and left him at last planted by a certain fountain where a goggle-eyed Triton spouted intermittently into a rippling laver. Thence he proceeded alone to where, in a round clearing, a copy of Gian Bologna’s Mercury stood tiptoe in the twilight of the stars. The night was warm and windless. A shaving of new moon had lately arisen; but it was still too small and too low down in heaven to contend with the immense host of lesser luminaries; and the rough face of the earth was drenched with starlight. Down one of the alleys, which widened as it receded, he could see a part of the lamplit terrace where a

sentry silently paced, and beyond that a corner of the town with interlacing street-lights. But all around him the young trees stood mystically blurred in the dim shine; and in the stock-still quietness the up-leaping god appeared alive.

In the dimness and silence of the night, Otto's conscience became suddenly and staringly luminous like the dial of a city clock. He averted the eyes of his mind, but the finger, rapidly travelling, pointed to a series of misdeeds that took his breath away. What was he doing in that place? The money had been wrongly squandered, but that was largely by his own neglect. And he now proposed to embarrass the finances of this country which he had been too idle to govern. And he now proposed to squander the money once again, and this time for a private, if a generous end. And the man whom he had reproved for stealing corn, he was now to set stealing treasure. And then there was Madam von Rosen, upon whom he looked down with some of that ill-favoured contempt of the chaste male for the imperfect woman. Because he thought of her as one degraded below scruples, he had picked her out to be still more degraded and to risk her whole irregular establishment in life, by complicity in this dishonourable act. It was uglier than a seduction.

Otto had to walk very briskly and whistle very busily; and when at last he heard steps in the narrowest and darkest of the alleys, it was with a gush of relief that he sprang to meet the Countess. To wrestle alone with one's good angel is so hard! and so precious, at the proper time, is a companion certain to be less virtuous than one's self!

It was a young man who came towards him; a young man of small stature and a peculiar gait, wearing a wide, flapping hat and carrying, with great weariness, a heavy bag. Otto recoiled; but the young man held up his hand by way of signal, and coming up with a panting run, as if with the last of his endurance, laid the bag upon the ground, threw himself upon the bench and disclosed the features of Madam von Rosen.

'You, Countess!' cried the Prince.

'No, no,' she panted, 'the Count von Rosen—my young brother. A capital fellow. Let him get his breath.'

'Well, and why has he a bag?' he asked.

'Sit down beside me here,' she said, patting the further corner of the bench. 'I will tell you in a moment. Oh, I am so tired—feel how my heart leaps! Where is your thief?'

'At his post,' replied Otto. 'Shall I introduce him? He seems an excellent companion.'

'No,' she said, 'do not hurry me yet. I must speak to you. Not but I adore your thief; I adore any one who has the spirit to do wrong. I never cared for virtue till I fell in love with my Prince.' She laughed musically. 'And even so, it is not for your virtues,' she added with a nod.

Otto was embarrassed. 'But you have not yet told me. What is in the bag?' he asked.

'Presently, presently. Let me breathe,' she said, panting a little harder than before.

'Well,' he returned, 'I shall see for myself.' And he put down his hand.

She stopped him at once. 'Otto,' she said, 'no—not that way. I will tell, I will make a clean breast. It is done already. I have robbed the treasury single-handed. There are three thousand, two hundred crowns. O, I trust it is enough!'

Her embarrassment was so obvious that the Prince was struck into a muse, gazing in her face, with his hand still outstretched, and she still holding him by the wrist. 'You!' he said, at last. 'How?' And then drawing himself up, 'O madam,' he cried, 'I understand. You must indeed think meanly of the Prince.'

'Well then, it was a lie!' she cried. 'The money is mine, honestly my own—now yours. This was an unworthy act that you proposed. But I love your honour, and I swore to myself that I should save it in your teeth. I beg of you to let me save it'—with a sudden, lovely change of tone. 'Otto, I beseech you let me save it. Take this dross from your poor friend who loves you!'

'Madam, madam,' babbled Otto, in the extreme of misery, 'I cannot—I must go.'

And he half rose; but she was on the ground before him in an instant, clasping his knees. 'No,' she gasped, 'you shall not go. Do you despise me so entirely? It is dross; I hate it; I should squander it at play and be no richer; it is an investment; it is to save me from ruin. Otto,' she cried, as he again feebly tried to put her from him, 'if you leave me alone in this disgrace, I will die here!' He groaned aloud. 'O,' she said, 'think what I suffer! If you suffer from a piece of delicacy, think what I suffer in my shame! To have my trash refused! You would rather steal, you think of me so basely! You would rather tread my heart in pieces! O, unkind! O my Prince! O Otto! O pity me!' She was still clasping him; then she found his hand and covered it with kisses, and at this his head began to turn. 'O,' she

cried again, 'I see it! O what a horror! It is because I am old, because I am no longer beautiful.' And she burst into a storm of sobs.

This was the *coup de grâce*. Otto had now to comfort and compose her as he could, and before many words, the money was accepted. Between the woman and the weak man, such was the inevitable end. Madam von Rosen instantly composed her sobs. She thanked him with a fluttering voice, and resumed her place upon the bench at the far end from Otto. 'Now you see,' she said, 'why I bid you keep the thief at distance, and why I came alone. How I trembled for my treasure! But I was armed, I had my pistols. You see I could have kept my threat.'

'Madam,' said Otto, with a tearful whimper in his voice, 'spare me! You are too good, too noble!'

'I wonder to hear you,' she returned. 'You have avoided a great folly. You will be able to meet your good old peasant. You have found an excellent investment for a friend's money. You have preferred essential kindness to an empty scruple; and now you are ashamed of it! You have made your friend happy; and now you mourn as the dove! Come, cheer up. I know it is depressing to have done exactly right; but you need not make a practice of it. Forgive yourself this virtue; come now, look me in the face and smile!'

He did not look at her. When a man has been embraced by a woman, he sees her in a glamour; and at such a time, in the baffling glimmer of the stars, she will look wildly well. The hair is touched with light; the eyes are constellations; the face sketched in shadows—a sketch, you might say, by passion. Otto became consoled for his defeat; he began to take an interest. 'No,' he said, 'I am no ingrate.'

'You promised me fun,' she returned, with a laugh. 'I have given you as good. We have had a stormy scena.'

He laughed in his turn, and the sound of the laughter, in either case, was hardly reassuring.

'Come, what are you going to give me in exchange,' she continued, 'for my excellent declamation?'

'What you will,' he said.

'Whatever I will? Upon your honour? Suppose I asked the crown?' She was flashing upon him, beautiful in triumph.

'Upon my honour,' he replied.

'Shall I ask the crown?' she continued. 'Nay; what should I do with it? Grünewald is but a petty state; my ambition swells above it. I shall ask—I find I want nothing,' she con-

cluded. 'I will give you something instead. I will give you leave to kiss me—once.'

Otto drew near, and she put up her face; they were both smiling, both on the brink of laughter, all was so innocent and playful; and the Prince, when their lips encountered, was dumbfounded by the sudden convulsion of his being. Both drew instantly apart, and for an appreciable time sat tongue-tied. Otto was indistinctly conscious of a peril in the silence, but could find no words to utter. Suddenly the Countess seemed to awake. 'As for your wife——' she began in a clear and steady voice.

The word recalled Otto, with a shudder, from his trance. 'I will hear nothing against my wife,' he cried wildly; and then, recovering himself and in a kindlier tone, 'I will tell you my one secret,' he added. 'I love my wife.'

'You should have let me finish,' she returned, smiling. 'Do you suppose I did not mention her on purpose? You know you had lost your head. Well, so had I. Come now, do not be abashed by words,' she added, somewhat sharply. 'It is the one thing I despise. If you are not a fool, you will see that I am building fortresses about your virtue. And at any rate, I choose that you shall understand that I am not dying of love for you. It is a very smiling business; no tragedy for me! And now here is what I have to say about your wife. She is not and she never has been Gondremark's mistress. Be sure he would have boasted if she had. Good night!'

And in a moment she was gone down the alley, and Otto was alone with the bag of money and the flying god.

(To be continued.)

'The Donna.'

The Editor begs to acknowledge the receipt of 5*l.* per G. Newnes (*Tit Bits*), and 15*s.* from Miss Mavrogordato.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Editor requests that his Correspondents will be good enough to write to him informing him of the subject of any article they wish to offer, before sending the MS. A stamped and addressed envelope should accompany the MS. if the writer wishes it to be returned in case of non-acceptance. The Editor can in no case hold himself responsible for accidental loss.





DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE

ONLY GENUINE



ORIGINAL AND

IS THE
GREAT SPECIFIC
FOR
CHOLERA.

COUGHES,
COLDS,
ASTHMA,
BRONCHITIS.

DIARRHOEA, DYSENTERY.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE—Dr. J. C. BROWNE (late Army Medical Staff) DISCOVERED a REMEDY to denote which he coined the word CHLORODYNE. Dr. Browne is the SOLE INVENTOR, and, as the composition of Chlorodyne cannot possibly be discovered by Analysis (organic substances defying elimination), and since the formula has never been published, it is evident that any statement to the effect that a compound is identical with Dr. Browne's Chlorodyne must be false.

This Caution is necessary, as many persons deceive purchasers by false representations.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE—Vice Chancellor Sir W. PAGE WOOD stated publicly in Court that Dr. J. COLLIS BROWNE was UNDOUBTEDLY the INVENTOR of CHLORODYNE, that the whole story of the defendant Freeman was deliberately untrue, and he regretted to say it had been sworn to.—See *The Times*, July 13th, 1884.

GENERAL BOARD of HEALTH, London, REPORT that it ACTS as a CHARM, one dose generally sufficient. Dr. GIBBON, Army Medical Staff, Calcutta, states: "2 DOSES COMPLETELY CURED ME of DIARRHOEA."

To J. T. DAVENPORT, London.

DEAR SIR.—We congratulate you upon the widespread reputation this justly-esteemed medicine has earned for itself all over the East. As a remedy of general utility, we much question whether a better is imported, and we shall be glad to hear of its finding a place in every Anglo-Indian home. The other brands, we are happy to say, are now relegated to the native bazaars, and, judging from their sale, we fancy their sojourn there will be but evanescent. We could multiply instances *ad infinitum* of the extraordinary efficacy of DR. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE in Diarrhoea and Dysentery, Spasms, Cramps, Neuralgia, the Vomiting of Pregnancy, and as a general sedative, that have occurred during our personal observation during many years. In Choleraic Diarrhoea, and even in the more terrible forms of Cholera itself, we have witnessed its surprisingly controlling power.

We have never used any other form of this medicine than Collis Browne's, from a firm conviction that it is decidedly the best, and also from a sense of duty we owe to the profession and the public, as we are of opinion that the substitution of any other than Collis Browne's is a deliberate breach of faith on the part of the chemist to prescriber and patient alike.—We are, Sir, faithfully yours, SYMES & CO., Members of the Pharm. Society of Great Britain, Chemists of His Excellency the Viceroy of India.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE is the TRUE PALLIATIVE in NEURALGIA, GOUT, CANCER TOOTHACHE, RHEUMATISM.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE is a liquid medicine which assuages PAIN of EVERY KIND, affords a calm, refreshing sleep WITHOUT HEADACHE, and INVIGORATES the nervous system when exhausted.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE rapidly cures EPILEPSY, SPASMS, COLIC, EPALPITATION, HYSTERIA.

IMPORTANT CAUTION.—The IMMENSE SALE of this REMEDY has given rise to many UN-SCRUPULOUS IMITATIONS. Be careful to observe Trade Mark. Of all Chemists, 1s. 1d., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d. SOLE MANUFACTURER.

J. T. DAVENPORT, 33, St. Russell St. W.C.

PARTRIDGE & COOPER,

Wholesale and Retail Manufacturing Stationers,

191 & 192 FLEET ST., AND 1 & 2 CHANCERY LANE, LONDON.

SOLE MANUFACTURERS OF

The Vellum Wove Club House Paper.

The Royal Courts Paper

ENVELOPES TO MATCH IN THE VARIOUS SIZES.

AND ENVELOPES TO MATCH.

SAMPLE BOX POST-FREE FOR 24 STAMPS.

SAMPLE BOX POST-FREE FOR 18 STAMPS.

Samples and Prices, with Illustrated Catalogue of Library and Office Requisites, forwarded post-free.

DO NOT LET YOUR CHILD DIE!
Fennings' Children's Powders Prevent Convulsions.
ARE COOLING AND SOOTHING.

FENNINGS' CHILDREN'S POWDERS.

For Children Cutting their Teeth, to prevent Convulsions.

Do not contain Calomel, Opium, Morphine, or anything injurious to a tender babe.

Sold in stamped boxes, at 1s. 1d. and 2s. 6d. (great saving), with full directions. Sent post-free for 15 stamps.

Direct to ALFRED FENNINGS, West Cowes, I.W.

Read FENNINGS' EVERY MOTHER'S BOOK, which contains valuable Hints on Feeding, Teething, Weaning, Sleeping, &c. Ask your Chemist for a FREE copy.

FENNINGS' EVERY MOTHER'S BOOK sent post-free on application by letter or post card. Direct to Alfred Fennings, West Cowes, I.W.

Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis.

FENNINGS' LUNG HEALERS,

THE BEST REMEDY TO CURE ALL

COUGHS, COLDS, ASTHMAS, &c.

Sold in Boxes at 1s. 1d. and 2s. 6d., with directions, sent post-free for 15 stamps. Direct to ALFRED FENNINGS, West Cowes, I.W.

The largest size boxes, 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 4s. 6d., contain three times the quantity of the small boxes.

Read FENNINGS' EVERYBODY'S DOCTOR. Sent post-free, 15 stamps. Direct, A. FENNINGS, West Cowes, I.W.

EASY TEETHING

SAFE TEETHING

GOLD MEDAL, CALCUTTA, 1884.

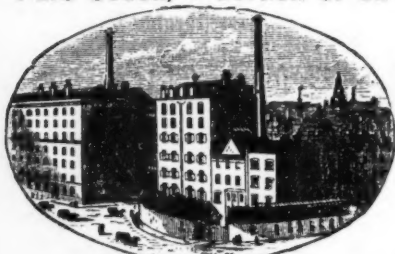
Fry's Cocoa

GUARANTEED
PURE

Extract

'Strictly pure, easily assimilated.'—W. W. STODDART, F.I.C., F.C.S., *City and County Analyst, Bristol.*

'Pure Cocoa, a portion of oil extracted.'—CHARLES A. CAMERON, M.D., F.R.C.S.I., *Analyst for Dublin.*



VIEW OF MANUFACTORY, BRISTOL.

FRY'S CARACAS COCOA

Prepared with the celebrated Cocoa of Caracas combined with other choice descriptions.

'A most delicious and valuable article.'

STANDARD.

NINETEEN PRIZE MEDALS

Awarded to the Firm.

HEALTH EXHIBITION 1884, HIGHEST AWARD

TULLOCH'S

PURE DUTCH

COCOA



PURE
and
SOLUBLE

GOOD FOR EVERYBODY.
BETTER and CHEAPER than ANYBODY'S
BEST BEVERAGE for INVALIDS.
1 lb. will make 100 Breakfast cups. After a most searching
and minute Examination by a Jury of Experts,

TULLOCH'S PURE DUTCH COCOA

WITHOUT
SEDIMENT

Obtained the Silver Medal, HIGHEST AWARD, for Purity and Delicacy of Flavour, Health Exhibition, 1884.
Sold by all Grocers and Chemists in Tins at 2s. 1b., 1s. 6d. ½ lb., and 9d. ¼ lb.—See *Lancet* Report.

Beetham's AND Glycerine Cucumber

Is Invaluable during the **SUMMER** months for Preserving the **COMPLEXION** from the effects of the **HOT SUN, WINDS, HARD WATER, &c.** It Keeps the **SKIN COOL and REFRESHED** in the **HOTTEST WEATHER**, and entirely removes and prevents all **SUNBURN, REDNESS, IRRITATION, TAN, &c.** and renders the **SKIN** delicately **SOFT, SMOOTH, and WHITE.** It is the most perfect Emollient Milk for the **SKIN**, ever produced, and no Lady who values her complexion should ever be without it.

Bottles, 1s., 2s. 6d., of all Chemists and Perfumers.

THE WONDERFUL VELVETEEN

At 2/3 a Yard.

LEWIS'S are the manufacturers of fine, first-class Velveteen, which is now well known all over the world. It is fast pile and fast dyed, and every inch is guaranteed.

The price of this beautiful Velveteen, in Black and all the most beautiful colours now worn is 2/3 a yard. This quality Velveteen is sold by Drapers at 3s. 6d., 4s. 6d., and 5s. 6d. a yard.

LEWIS'S manufacture this Velveteen themselves, and sell it (or might almost be said give it) to the Public for 2/3 a yard.

LEWIS'S ask Ladies to write for Patterns of this extraordinary Velveteen. They will then be able to judge for themselves whether LEWIS'S praise their Velveteen more than it deserves. Write for Patterns on an ordinary post card. LEWIS'S pay Carriage on all orders to any address in the United Kingdom.

When writing please mention *Longman's Magazine*.

LEWIS'S, IN MARKET STREET, MANCHESTER.